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SEPTEMBER 2, 1997

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Lech Walesa's flaming spirit deserves the Nobel Peace Prize

The nomination of Lech Wałęsa for the Nobel Peace Prize is an appropriate salute to a man whose bravery has transcended the blind courage of a patriot seeking freedom for his people. His stand against tyranny, whatever the cost to himself and his followers, is an example less of grace under pressure than of a man performing cartwheels on a tightrope.

The Polish union leader, whose background fits him ideally for his role, is a man of the people determined to better their lot. Should he receive the award, the most coveted of international prizes, he would be following in the brave footsteps of such predecessors as Mother Teresa, the Calcutta nun who has devoted her life to the poor, Adolfo Perez Esquivel, the Argentine leader of a Latin-American human rights movement, and Martin Luther King Jr., the martyr of the black revolution in the U.S.

Unlike the prizes awarded for literature, economics and science, which are judged by learned academicians in Sweden, the Peace Prize has a special qualification, with the committee directed to find "the person who shall have done the most or the best work for the fraternity between peoples, for the abolition or reduction of standing armies and for the holding and promotion of

of peace congresses." Walenta qualifies on all counts. An attempted electrician when the Polish unrest first started in July of 1980, he somehow welded together the only independent trade union movement in the Communist world, with something like 10 million workers now following his banner. His objective is simple: "The Poles," he insists, "are capable of settling their own internal affairs, by themselves and among themselves."

Speaking with the gritty cadences of the working man, he has exploited the spark of inspiration hit when Karol Cardinal Wojtyla, history's first Polish-born Pope, visited his homeland in June of 1979. The holy tour allowed a demoralized nation to believe in itself again, reassert its patriotism (symbolically inseparable from the country's dominant religion) and dare to defy the grim weight of Marxist authority. Significantly, a crucifix is displayed wherever Walesa speaks, and all of his four suits are decorated with a lapel medallion of the Virgin Mary.

World events throw up few enough heroes who transcend their time and place, men and women with that existential quality that brands them with a natural gift for greatness. The Nobel Peace Prize would be a modest enough reward for Lech Walesa, the ex-electrician whose lust for freedom is altering the course of history.



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All in one simple statement from TD.

Walking on muck

Looking at the ferred smiles on the two "high priests" of price (The High Priests of Price, Cover, Sept. 14) as they toasted each other, I understood their preoccupation in celebrating the outrageous sort of compromise over the people's resources. The big winners, of course, are Ottawa and Alberta, not to mention the oil industry, whose tale is added to already record high profits. The defunct losers are the people of Canada who must pay and pay and pay.

—B. BRILLIANT
Barrie, Ont.

Your cover picture of Pierre Trudeau and Peter Longford promotes Canadians with a perfect example of what the future holds. As gas prices approach the \$6-cent-per-litre level by 1986, there will be many more of us walking instead of driving.

—TED ACHESON
Toronto

The sudden oil pricing agreement would, of course, have nothing to do with the environmental report by the McDonald commission and Jim Courten's embarrassing loss in the Spyness by-election. Could this have forced a good awakening about the government's popularity? As far as the agreement is concerned, it will be interesting to see who conceded to what in order to achieve this six-day wonder.

—CE. H. ASH,
Newmarket, Ont.

PASSAGES



ELLECTED: Sheikh Rifat, 58, is president of the United Nations 56th General Assembly. The Iraqi envoy to the UN had his name picked from a basket by outgoing President Radhager von Weizsacker of West Germany after two rounds of voting failed to give a majority to either Rifat or his chief rival, Khawaja Muhammad Nasser of Bangladesh.

SENTENCED: Toronto woman Marion McGuire, 27, to three years in jail in Dominica for conspiring in a white supremacist plot to overthrow the island government. Two days after being sentenced the trial unsuccessfully to commit suicide in her jail cell.

PRISON: Toronto Agnostist's head coach Willie Wood, 64, by club President Ralph Sardo. Following the team's 39th consecutive loss of the season. Wood,



High priests: pay and pay and pay

Climb every mountain

In Allan Fotheringham's column Wilderness and Dr. Delphi's (Sept. 14), he stated that Mt. Washington is Canada's highest mountain. Mt. Logan in the Yukon, which is also a part of Canada, is the highest.

—JACQUES GIBRARD,
Porter Lake, N.S.

A growing concern

I should like to register my displeasure at the manner in which your article Smoking Problem in Water Street (Canada, Sept. 1) was reported. I am president of a Smoking Cessation Service

which owned 49 per cent by myself and 51 per cent by Canine Enterprises and, far from standing still, this company has grown at an astounding rate since its inception as a division of Canine Enterprises in April, 1978, when our monthly gross was \$100,000. We became a separate limited liability company in early 1980 and our gross for the period from May, 1980, to May, 1981, was in excess of \$98 million. Our profits have increased in a like manner. This company was not financed from outside sources, but its growing debts and has no large corporate liabilities. This company is a profitable enterprise and continues to grow at this same remarkable rate.

—R.A. SPILLACEY,
St. John's

Pure lunacy

I have the privilege, indeed the honor, to number Dave Patterson among the very best of my friends (A. Rensquad Sport in the Union Dec. Profile, Sept. 1). For anyone to suggest, even remotely, that martyrdom is his fate is pure lunacy.

—TAMMY JOSEPH,
Truro, N.S.

Here's SCTV

Thank you for your great article on SCTV Network 60 (A Southern Triumph for the Great White North, Television, Aug. 30), which is the funniest late-night show in North America. It is true comedy and, best of all, it's Canadian.

—J. MACKENZIE,
Taserevor

who was the only black head coach in professional football, was the 15th man to coach the 10th since it had won the Grey Cup in 1962.

EXPULSED: Catherine Martin, 36, of Calgary, from Uganda. The British Broadcasting Corporation correspondent was paid under house arrest before being escorted to the Kenyan border. Martin said his six weeks reporting on violence in the Ugandan countryside



APPOINTED: Pearl McGaughey, 58, as the first female lieutenant-governor of Manitoba. The former newspaper columnist and longtime feminist and Liberal will leave her present duties as deputy mayor of Winnipeg to replace Bud Jochin when his term expires at the end of the month. McGaughey admits she is apprehensive about her new position but terms the appointment "a tribute to all women who live in Manitoba."



DEAD: William Loeb, 75, author and publisher of the Manchester Union Leader and The New Hampshire Sunday News, of cancer in Burlington, Mass. With the New Hampshire primaries kicking off the presidential race every four years, Loeb's front-page attacks on candidates such as Edmund Muskie certainly found a national forum. Nosed for his administrative status, Loeb once summed up his philosophy as: "Things are either right or they are wrong."

SENTENCED: Marcus Sargeant, 17, to five years in prison by Britain's Chief Justice Lord Lane after he pleaded guilty to wilfully discharging a firearm near Queen Elizabeth II with intent to alarm. The youth has been held without bail in solitary confinement since the June 13 incident in which he fired black shots at the Queen as she rode in the annual Trooping the Colour ceremony.

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Great Canadian Vodka



Discover Ballantine's Ambiance.
Fine character takes years to develop.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF "THE FESTIVAL OF THE MALT'S"

PODIUM

Being driven around the bend

'I could drive better with one eye than half the drivers I see today'

By Robert Thomas Allen

A while ago I got a letter from the Ontario ministry of transportation and communications saying that I was to give up my driver's licence in the interest of highway safety, that they had had a report my eyes weren't up to standard if you're driving, putting my eyes to the test—my wife was doing the driving—but apologetically, although they may hate the idea, are compelled by law to report on their patients and they were sorry, but it was necessary for the good of humanity: "I'm sure you will agree," the writer said.

Well, I don't. I've driven more than 50 years without an accident, not because I had good eyesight or good reflexes (some of the worst crashes are caused by people with reflexes like cat's). It was because I had good judgment.

Well, I don't. I've driven more than 50 years without an accident, not because I had good eyesight or good reflexes (some of the worst crashes are caused by people with reflexes like cat's). It was because I had good judgment. I present the government decision that I would suddenly start running over people if I didn't stop me. I present it all the more in view of the fact that the government is becoming what are probably the worst drivers in the history of the automobile. I could drive better with one eye than half the drivers I see today. Rules, patterns, civilized ideas, like orderliness—for instance, the idea of each driver at a two- or four-way stop moving in the same order as that in which he arrived—mean nothing. Courtesy has just about disappeared. Young drivers

writing for a light to change rev up their engines to make all pedestrians miss fact so they will not be there when the light turns green. They honk whenever they want anything, like traffic, in move, and make turns by just heading in a straight line for where they would like to be. The worst by far are men in their early 30s to mid-30s, who have a confused idea that driving has something to do with machismo. Ideally, probably about two-thirds of them should not be given licenses until they're 35, if then. They're self-absorbed and aggressive, fascinated by how fast they can start, but vague about how long it takes to stop and about other basic laws of physics, such as centrifugal force. They arrived on the scene about the same time people stopped speaking of drivers as social human beings (they were called "automobiles") and began using the term "idiot driver," a phrase that horrifies me and always makes me think of somebody trying to see how close he can come to something, such as a kiddy, without actually running into it. They don't realize that driving at a speed of 32 km an hour, or even 36 km, can, in many instances, be very dangerous. These drivers have no imagination and cannot conceive of anything going wrong, so they let us no margin of safety. I often watch drivers making left turns through pedestrians at St. Clair and Avenue Road near my apartment. The drivers go around people as if they were pillars,

then screaming, leaning forward and a bit to the left, often making vague signs in one another with their fingers as they race past Avenue Road Square. If a pedestrian suddenly remembered something, say, that she had to go back and pick up a jar of marmalade, and was curious and turned quickly, she would be killed.

Often when I'm driving and dreaming of times past, such as the years of happy (and) cross-country motor trips with my wife and two daughters, and driving through New York City and through Times Square at one o'clock at night with the kids playing with their dolls in the backseat, I'm rudely awakened by the sound of screaming tires. From my balcony, as I look down on the latest accident, I think of the days when we actually slowed down to help someone pass on a two-lane highway. In city traffic we made left turns around one another, in polite, predictable curves. If another driver or pedestrian made a mistake and got flustered, we usually just corrected him in place and waited for him to get sorted out instead of leaning on the horn and making everything worse. We didn't make a production of nearly driving him or try to teach ourselves from all misadventure. "He was just walking," a man old enough to know better said to me recently about someone who had been hit, as if that explained everything.

I have seen driving in recent years that I wouldn't have believed could ever happen in Canada. I saw a driver on Yonge Street knock a man down, stop in his car and, when the man got up and limped in a daze around the corner, ask him from his own car whether he was all right and drive off as if he were practicing for his next accident. And I have seen truck drivers drive 15 metres behind cars to make them get out of a lane, a common practice now. Anybody who will bring 40 tons of truck and cargo 15 metres from a car at 90 km an hour is a homicidal maniac. That's not driving; it's violence.

I don't know who tests these drivers. I know it's not anyone like the examiner who tested me for my first licence when I was 18—a steady, whappy-looking man with a brown walrus mustache and broad grin, who told me to back up a leafy sweetener line and sit on the front seat of my Model T Ford, which kept stalling, sooting the spark and gas for me while I got it started. He never said my body "good." You either got "fine" or failed and were told to come back in three weeks, or next spring. He had a reputation for shooting sudden warnings such as, "WATCH A CHILD COMING OUT OF THAT GATE" to see if the driver was ready for the unexpected. He placed great importance on judgment and, perhaps, would have given a license to the man at the ministry who made me turn at once.

Robert Thomas Allen is a Toronto free-lance writer.



Prodding German memory

Rainer Werner Fassbinder, 55, is one of the new German cinema's most gifted and prolific directors. The agitated, barely and seldom actor-finder-director, who founded his own theatre company at 22 and shot his first feature film at 25, has gone on to direct more than 30 films. Dark, complex and provocative, they deal mainly with the emotional and moral reconstruction of post-war Germany. A critic of both left and right, Fassbinder attacks conformism and intolerance, and the dangers they pose for democracy. His aggressive, predatory characters protest a disolate and disoriented terrain. eager to reach under another's skin. Fassbinder has gone to great lengths in recent films to make his work more accessible. In *The Marriage of Maria Braun*, Lilli Meier and Lili, his most recent film, Fassbinder uses more conventional American-style narrative plots and dresses (even with the abuse of a Hollywood production. He insists that while the packaging may have changed, the message hasn't. In *Monty Python for the Real World Film Festival*, Fassbinder spoke with Maclean's contributing editor Wayne Grady.

Maclean's: The picture of post-war Germany that I get from Mr. Fassbinder is a very dark one, a very dark side of what we here know as the economic miracle of post-war Germany. Is it that bleak?

Fassbinder: The image we've presented of Germany during the 1950s, during the period of reconstruction, has two sides to it, one is very grey and dull, the other has great vitality, a tremendous energy that was going on in the streets, in the houses. It's up to the director to decide which point of view he really wants to give a special importance to. **Maclean's:** Your method of pointing that picture has changed.

Fassbinder: This is something that's been occurring for 15 years—what is so special about the Hollywood films and how can I do this in Germany? I think I have finally found the right approach.

Maclean's: So the film who feel that Lili Meier and Maria Braun are too Americanized does it wrong again?

Fassbinder: It doesn't bother me. I don't think that it's a question of an American approach to drama or to film. I think the Americans were the first people to use a dramatic form that dates from the Greeks. This is something that I am learning too, a pure approach to drama.



'A film can be bleak and get lead people to change'

Maclean's: It is to reach the German people or North Americans?

Fassbinder: I make my films so that everyone all over the world can appreciate them. I don't make a film for German spectators or an American audience.

Maclean's: What fascimates you about the post-war period in German history?

Fassbinder: The idea that the Americans presented the Germans with the gift of democracy. It was not decided by the people of the German nation, but was imposed upon Germany by external forces.

Maclean's: Is there still a fear that the roads aren't deep, that it hasn't taken and could disappear?

Fassbinder: A democracy imposed from without is much more easily destroyed. It goes to its end much more quickly than if the people had fought for it.

Maclean's: Where does the danger come from?

Fassbinder: There's always been a great

belief in authority in Germany, so it was difficult to change from one day to another to democracy. The Germans say, well, okay it's been imposed so we'll accept, which is really what happened in the Nazi time, when what was imposed from above they didn't have any choice in it. It's important that the Germans should come to grips with this, and come to terms with themselves to take a personal position.

Maclean's: This is a 25-year battle. I'm surprised by the intense need to keep reprocessing it.

Fassbinder: In 1946, when Konrad Adenauer was elected chancellor, my mother was really surprised. She is not a stupid woman, but she believed that elections were only a game. She said, "Why should we vote?" He has been imposed. It's to be expected that since he is there he remains. She really said, "Are we allowed to vote?" She studied but she didn't learn about democracy.

Maclean's: How much of that attitude is still there?

Fassbinder: Look at how long it took for the Social Democrats to be elected. People wondered whether there was any possibility of change.

Maclean's: What does Germany now have to fear?

Fassbinder: I, as a German, fear most from that attitude and from the state. There are two aspects for the man in the street. First, there's the person who wants to ignore things, and on the other hand, the people who realize what's going on, and have a tremendous fear that if there is another war it will be in the middle of Europe and Germany will again be the battleground.

Maclean's: How can you influence events?

Fassbinder: I am a film-maker, not a politician. I can't say exactly how or what they should do, but I can say that it hasn't worked up until now. The Germans may realize that there are different varieties of political systems. They do have a choice. They have a personal conscience, they have vitality and creative energies. I am trying to present an image of the past to that Germans can come to grips with the present rather than just looking away.

Maclean's: The image of the past that you are trying to present is an impressionistic one, in the sense that it comes from your image of what must have happened.

Fassbinder: I don't want to make an academic, historical film. I am just trying to prod people to question what was or is. In the '50s people weren't asking these questions—they were just working, they only wanted to make money and to reestablish Germany.

Maclean's: Do you find your films are making an impact in Germany?

Fassbinder: You can influence the di-

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Hanns Schygulla in 'Lili Marlene'

route of thought, I have obviously achieved something. In sheer profundity I have created an entire climate by myself, of waking people up, arousing them. But I can't directly influence politics.

Moscona: Why did you choose film instead of theatre?

Fassbinder: I still do theatre, and the advantage is that, because it receives official government aid, you have time to discuss things with colleagues, and really develop something. Whereas film is made in a rush because of financial constraints.

Moscona: So theatre becomes, in effect, a workshop for ideas that may turn up in your films?

Fassbinder: Yes. And in that sense, the scene pressure has been good. A number of my early films were made for television, and because of this I was able to establish myself.

Moscona: The pictures we get of the post-war generation is cynical, depressed, bitter. But the more I see of your films and those of other German filmmakers, the sadder the outlook seems to be.

Fassbinder: A film can be depressed, can be bleak and yet lead people to change, yet have a depressing effect on its audience. The film-makers may be personally cynical and depressed, but the reason they make the films is an optimistic one—to change people. If I didn't have any hope of being able to change things, I would be crippled as a film-maker. If I weren't optimistic that my films could have an effect, then I wouldn't make so many films. I might make one every three years just for myself, but because I have this hope I have so much energy. ☐

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An ancient injustice revisited

By David Finkel

When the Union of New Brunswick Indians gathered for an annual assembly at the Tobique Reserve in northern New Brunswick earlier this month, one member of the audience was particularly anxious to have her say. Finally, she strode to the microphone—and was promptly denied permission to use it. "They said," she later recalled, "Oh, you have to have a band number in order to speak to this assembly."

There was a special twist to the incident, because the would-be speaker was Sandra Lovelace, a young woman whose

marriage, she was no longer considered an Indian. Her fate had been determined by the 1813(13) of the Indian Act, which declares that "a woman who married a person who is not an Indian" can no longer be registered as an Indian. In practical terms it means that Lovelace and others like her, as well as their children, were not legally entitled to the housing, education, health and social care that Ottawa routinely provides for all so-called "status" Indians. The inclusion of similar clauses in the Indian Act goes back to 1869. It reinforced the prevailing view that men were heads of households and that their non-Indian wives would take over the

affected by the changes she helped prompt. As a stopgap, Ottawa has, since July, been granting exemptions to the 1813(13) to Indian bands requesting it. Only 18 of Canada's 575 bands have, in fact, done so. One is the Momet band in the Queen Charlotte Islands of British Columbia. A practical issue of survival undoubtedly contributed to the Momet band's resolve—there's been some intermarriage with armed forces personnel stationed nearby.

Elsewhere, Indian leaders are largely unenthusiastic. They grumble about the expense of reserve lands and resources posed by a sudden influx of newly franchised women and children. The government would have to compensate Indians if the act were amended, says Bill Flanagan of the Ottawa-based National Indian Brotherhood. "We're saying, 'You made the mistake, you pay for it.' A general lack of sympathy for women's rights in the male-dominated Indian leadership and a fear of racial division also account for the widespread support for the clause. Even if it is lifted, many chiefs and squabblers share the views of administrator Gerry Hestibeen of the Kewinago Indian band in B.C., who says the bands should retain the right to decide who becomes a member of the reserves.

To many Indian women, however, that idea is anathema. Having seen the difficulties regularly encountered by unmarried Indian women in obtaining decent housing from the reserve governments, they fear a perpetuation of old attitudes and practices of scorn are left to determine membership. Says a New Brunswick Indian, Caroline Kasis: "It's the spirit of the Indian Act at work here. It's as though the federal government has said, 'Hey folks, it's all right to discriminate against Indian women.'" On the other hand, if the various parties could reach an understanding and the federal government compensated the Indians with more land and money, it could be "an opportunity for unprecedented social and economic development for native people," says the man who spearheaded Sandra Lovelace's complaint to the U.N. Noel Kinsella of the New Brunswick Human Rights Commission. Lovelace herself is living with her two children in her mother's house at Tobique. "I'm just waiting to see what the government thinks of the U.N. decision," she says, "and what they're doing to do."

Wrote Alan from Doris Lachlan and Nancy Wilson.



Lovelace and children (above left). Hatchcock: Blank eye for the privilege

loss of Indian status under the provisions of the Indian Act prompted the United Nations Human Rights Committee to rule in July that Canada has violated provisions of law in denying Lovelace her full cultural rights. The U.N. decision, reached after three years of deliberations, constitutes a highly visible black eye for a country that has always considered itself a paragon of racial justice. But, as the incident at Tobique showed, it has not improved Lovelace's lot so far. The case illustrates the continuing plight of Indian women whose mistake it was to marry non-Indians.

Lovelace, 33, was born a Maliseet Indian on the Tobique Reserve. But in May, 1950, she married an American seaman, Bruce Lovelace, and moved with him to California. Later, when the marriage broke up, she came back to Tobique—only to discover that, re-

limited lands of the reserves. The principle survived when the present Indian Act was written in 1952.

Ottawa has said repeatedly that the Indian Act will be amended and the offending clause removed, but the delays are mounting endlessly. A spokesman in Indian Affairs and Northern Development Minister John Manoen's office says only that, "The government does remain committed to solving this through legislation, but it's not a simple road that we go down." The potential cost and complexity of restoring status to the thousands of women and their children who have lost it over the years alone estimate it at 15,000 women and their 45,000 children have lost their status takes any more 1950) is so enormous that Indian Affairs has ruled out making it retroactive for now, according to spokesman Lee Smith. Thus, Lovelace would not be

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Gearing up for the second offensive

Nine months after defeat, guerrillas are stronger than ever



As the tempo of violence quickens in El Salvador, the U.S. is stepping up military and economic aid to its embattled ally, the government of President José Joaquín Funes. However, the guerrillas of the Frente Revolucionario Nacional Liberación Front, whose name was recently linked by France and Mexico, are confident of victory. Their optimism is explained in this article by Madison's special correspondent Max Shulze, who recently became one of the very few journalists to succeed in spending time with a guerrilla unit.

"OUR COUNTRY PERISH—OR DEATH!
"REVOLUTION OR DEATH—
"WE WILL WIN!"

The ones went up and the survivors bounced back from the circle of a group of some 150 heavily armed guerrillas. Gathered in a mountain clearing in northeastern Usulután province, they were rehearsing the appearance of the Cuban Revolution with as many civilians in the "El Dorado" guerrilla camp. Their songs, speeches and improvised plays praised "Trujillo" (imperialists), one, two, three, four, five

Vietnam in Latin America," and they were confident that El Salvador would be the first.

Nine months after the defeat of their so-called "First Offensive," El Salvador's mostly Marxist guerrillas are perhaps twice as numerous, more professional, more disciplined and better armed. The only area in which the impressively professional guerrilla army is weaker, according to senior South Eastern Front military commander "Gonzalo," is in ammunition supplies. Supplies are so packed that even bullets are accounted for after an "operation." Otherwise the effect of U.S. shoring up of aid to the guerrillas' opponents—the government forces—though noticeable in the Vietnam-style tactics and weapons, is militarily marginal, according to the commander, a 28-year-old veteran of eight years in the hills.

"After the January offensive all the leaders disappeared," says "Lito" (another son of a guerrilla, an 18-year-old guerrilla who has been fighting since he was 13. "When they came back, they said we would train and train for six months." Members of the leftist political front organizations were called to

the mountains to their desperately exposed roles as organizers in the effort to prepare for what Commander Gonzalo referred to as the "second offensive stage" of the rebel war. Members of frontline fighters there have swelled, while those operations in the cities and all open political activity have ceased—not because of diminishing support, as government and U.S. embassy sources have suggested, but in preparation for a more serious military struggle, say the guerrillas.

New recruits in El Dorado camp start the day at 5 a.m. with two hours of physical exercises. Breakfast is followed by an hour of military theory, two hours of weapons familiarization, lunch, an hour of silent, bulletless rifle-aiming practice, two hours of maintenance and military field skills, then dinner and, most important, two hours of political and ideological instruction.

On a diet of beans, glutinous maize tortillas rough enough to suit a shoe and rice and vegetables usually in a thin soup, it is a dedicated life, but the guerrillas appear trained to endure it. Armed mostly with the popular U.S.-made M-16 (their favorite automatic rifle) and the block-busting Belgian FAL (a favorite in revolutionary circles),

Arming children for combat (left) parked squads for new troops (right) from bamboo is more painful than steel.



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they are pseudo-guerrillas drilled in formation discipline, rifle handling and assault. They train by crawling under barbed wire nets, running along unsteady logs and attacking over hurdles, as do the government troops, except that the guerrillas are better motivated.

Even the children have their own brigade, building barricades and parading with wooden or bamboo rifles and popgun imitations of Chinese rocket launchers. In a war that makes little distinction for age, sex or capacity, they too are in deadly combat. Ten-year-old



Guerrilla training: a dedicated life

Commandant "Wilber," is charging, carrying a U.S. Remington-Union Metallics Co. rifle as his privilege. Twelve-year-old "Luis" is already a veteran of two army invasions. Given officially in civilian disguise, the last of which succeeded in moving the guerrillas out of their previous camp a few kilometers to the west.

It is, says Commandant Gamelo, at once a "mobile war" and a war of "positions," characteristic of El Salvador's over-polarizing civil conflict. While the army can always raise enough of the approximately 2,500 U.S.-trained, left-center-backed Atlacatl rifle brigade to take a given position, the guerrillas, sheltering their directly dependent population—who otherwise would be tortured and killed—have so far always been able to choose when to disengage, only to reappear when the brigade has moved on to another of the many mountain fronts.

Commandant Gamelo claims this has constituted tactical victory. "Our January offensive gave us the chance to learn from our errors in training and communication. At this stage we have practically won the military war. It is just a question of organization and choosing the right political moment for the second offensive step."

Certainly drastic pledges of some \$5.5 million (U.S.), the loan of 14 Huey (UH) helicopters and the presence of 56 U.S. advisers, despite at least seven major government offensives nationwide in as many months, the 200 guerrillas at El Atlacatl and the 600 civilians who support their town more than in care. Lines of trenches, guard posts, traps and regular patrols protect the 20 sq km of hamlets, paths, parade ground, workshops and schools that encompass the camp. Their moving patrols claim to control perhaps another 100 km beyond that, an area that the army only enters in considerable strength, or in buses packed with civilians for protection, in either case, rarely.

The 600 civilians in the camp all have roles in its co-operative society. Beans and tomatoes, previously grown in

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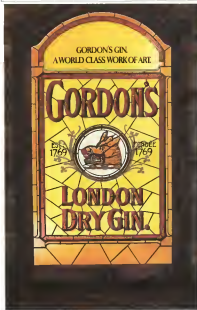
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Approaching the abyss

When Norman Alcock quit his job as a nuclear physicist in 1960 to found the Canadian Peace Research Institute in Guelph, Ont., he believed that his efforts and those of his associates might be a candle in the dark to show mankind that war is not the solution to its problems.

(Maclean's, Sept. 15, 1989)

With the help of his wife, Pat, and a handful of disciples, Alcock searched for scientific answers to the age-old question of why nations go to war. If the solution eluded him, his research did lead to one overwhelming conclusion: the arms race now consuming the major



The Alcock is a candle in the dark.

powers can only lead to war, probably before the end of this decade. "We're approaching an abyss," he says. "It's as though we're walking toward this cliff in the middle of the night, and yet keep walking steadily."

Eager to play a more active role and plagued by a perpetual shortage of funds, the Allocks have closed the institute. Last fall they sold their lakeside home in Guelph and with other family members bought the sprawling Griffin Lodge on the outskirts of Banffville, Ont. There, they continued to run the institute, "living simply in one of the cheaper parts of the world." But this spring, after attending the Conference on Nuclear War in Rarapah, held in Groningen, Netherlands, they decided that research alone was not enough to avert the impending crisis. "Among the planners," wrote Alcock in the final issue of his *Neuroreport*, "talk in of 'nuclear response,' 'surprise first strike,' 'launch on warning' and 'limited war,' with hope from the Pentagon point of view that [nations] will be exchanged in such a way that Washington and New York will be spared."

Alcock intends to become "more of a peace activist than a peace researcher because the world situation is so critical," but just how, he hasn't decided. Last week he began lecturing at York University on strategic studies—a subject, he says, that normally examines how wars are fought but which he will conduct as a study of peace. However, it is no longer a subject he approaches with much optimism: the Allocks, "Though we haven't lost interest in peace, we don't know yet how to get it."

—PEGGY CHAM

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CANADA

Tears in the cellophane border

Ronald Reagan doesn't like back talk and last week no exception was made

By Val Ryan

Even the site of the set is between Prince Trudeau and Ronald Reagan, last week seemed to be stacked in favor of the Americans—it was an unmistakably Reagan's office. Recently renovated by the evangelical soap sales giant, the Arway Corp., the gift and crystal Arway Grand Plaza Hotel in Grand Rapids, Mich., is a showcase of nostalgia and private-sector cash. Last week it was booked solid with show biz and political politicians, who came—as Trudeau ostensibly did—to celebrate the opening of the Gerald R. Ford Museum and Library. Through the lobby were 40 corporate portraits of business, economy leaders and prominent Republicans, paying \$1,000 a plate for dinner with the president, Bob Hope, Marjory Maguire leader Jerry Falwell and former secretary of state Henry Kissinger, among other glitterati. Two portraits of Arway's shrewd, fund-raising granddaddy, granddaddy down, their hands joined at rest on copies of the Bible and a book titled *How to Save Five Dollars*.

The latter could as aptly have titled Reagan's agenda when he met Trudeau late Thursday afternoon. Throughout their 45-minute discussion, Reagan brusquely swept aside Trudeau's concerns over and over and high interest rates. But then the president adopted tougher tactics to press for a more co-operative climate for American investment in Canada. He could not, he said, risk in Congress from the relationship measures currently proposed to counter Canadian economic nationalism, especially in the oil and gas sectors. Trudeau replied bluntly that he had won his last election on the promise to

Canadianize the energy sector. With that, the two leaders departed for the evening's celebrations, blandly agreeing not to let their differences lead to anything much. Behind U.S. officials' veiled private displeasure over the continuing "coordination problem" be-



tween the two countries. There was much soft talk, but no sale. The substance of a "coordination policy" means that the normal dialogue between the two countries has come to a dead end. And while the Grand Rapids meeting provided the most dramatic evidence of a deadlock, there were other signs of an impasse last week as well. In Ottawa, External Affairs Minister Steve Mulroney told reporters that Canadians must not "lose nerve" in the

face of American sales-eating. But he seemed to lose his own when he was pressed for details of how Canada might counter any retaliatory measures adopted by Washington. Meanwhile in Washington, Congressman John Dingell unveiled legislation to disavow specifically against Canadians who are planning corporate takeovers in the United States. At the same time, Finance Minister Alex MacEachern was meeting Treasury Secretary Donald Regan in the hope of containing growing congressional skepticism that when MacEachern emerged from the hour-long meeting at the Treasury he was reduced to commenting tersely, "I listened to his words and he listened to mine."

The apparent fruitlessness of further talks in all the more alarming because it is happening at a time when the Reagan administration is preoccupied with rebuilding its domestic image. Since Reagan last met with Trudeau at the July Ottawa summit, a sickening drop in the stock and bond markets has signalled the private sector's sudden disillusionment with Reaganomics (see story page 46). And to regain the confidence of the business community, Reagan must step up his cham-

bering of business executives—by exempting pension insurance standards, for example, or getting tough with the Canadians. Robert Horvath, assistant secretary of state for economic and business affairs, has even put forward a doctrine theory to justify U.S. action against Canada. "Such policies, if unchallenged, are likely to encourage other countries to adopt similar measures." As a senior adviser to the Senate foreign relations committee put it, "If a few more people in key Canadian, there will be plenty of fire in the air."

Maclean's
NOVEMBER 1981



Sleeping Porillo, Barbara Bush, Vice-President George Bush, Trudeau, former French president Giscard d'Estaing. (Inset: Nancy Reagan, Reagan Ford were the set-to site was attacked)

The major causes of trans-border friction remain Ottawa's energy policies—the Petroleum and Gas Revenue Tax (PGRT) which cuts the profits of investors on both sides of the border—and its commitment to Canadianism at least 50 per cent of Canada's energy sector by 1990. Typical of the U.S. voters pressing their elected representatives to take countermeasures in Grand Rapids businessman Peter Cook, a trustee of the Gerald R. Ford Museum. For 25 years Cook has been investing in an American firm drilling for oil and gas in Alberta. "Thanks to Trudeau's tax revisions," he fumed at a cluster of sympathetic fellow Grand Rapidsians at a Grand Plaza gala cocktail party, "I've lost \$50,000 in the last year. Why should we be gassed? You've got to ask, how can I get even?"

The FGRT has created another sore spot, by driving Canadian exploration companies south of the border, to compete with Americans. For example, since the tax effectively slashed its Canadian revenues by 20 per cent, Calgary-based Canadian Master Exploration Ltd. now spends 90 per cent of its discretionary exploration dollars in the U.S. Meanwhile, the Canadian government, through Petro-Canada and the private sector, accelerates acquisitions of foreign energy firms in Canada—seven more have been tagged up since April 1981. But, storms Willie C. Arra-

ving, a former assistant secretary of state who headed a recent study critical of Canada-U.S. relations, "An American can buy its title property when only Canadians can buy it making a forced sale." Bob Brown, president of the Independent Petroleum Association of Canada, is also critical of Ottawa's energy policy positions. "I think the whole government is rigid, far too rigid. If I were the other guy and I had a kink I would make it where the other guy is most vulnerable."

Just how vulnerable Canada might be has become an increasingly pertinent question in Washington has slowly unveiled the strength of its arsenal. Interior Secretary James Watt worked on a scheme to exclude Canadian oil firms from exploring for new deposits on federally owned land—and the plan may win congressional approval within a year. At the same time, Congress filed up its own dancing army of legislative firepower. Congressman Dingell introduced a bill in the House committee on energy and commerce that would effectively create an American board, similar to Canada's PITA, to filter foreign take-overs of U.S. firms. Canadians

could be specifically singled out at the discretion of the board. Although the bill undoubtedly will undergo modifications, it's anticipated that it will be passed early in 1982. In the same circumstance, a bill requiring foreign companies to meet the 30 per cent foreign ownership requirements demanded of American firms was amended across-manage.

Though the anti-Canadian proposals were originally intended as warning maneuvers, Reagan promised to Trudeau that he could not call off the dogs of Congress. The question apparently was not even on the bargaining table. According to senior U.S. administration officials, the president worried that he could make no guarantee, for, as a powerful member of Reagan's cabinet put it, when Congress is upset, the president is upset.

But the list of Canada's other vulnerabilities to U.S. retaliation is as long as the undefended border. As the U.S.'s chief trading partner, Canada enjoys a privileged exemption from many American trade regulations. Last late week, however, Republican Senator William Cohen of the border state of Maine made an opening move that could change all that. Cohen instructed the secretary of agriculture to investigate the possibility that Canadian farmers are using insecticides banned for use in the U.S. In fact, some Canadians have

already been nicked by the clackering wheels of trans-border conflict. Almost a dozen people have been laid off at the P. J. Walbank Manufacturing Co., a Plattsburgh, Ont., auto parts manufacturer, which was recently blacked by the U.S. Trade Commission from selling to General Motors and Ford. The Canadian government has sent a stiff diplomatic note to Washington. The Canadian action was President Neil Walbank in reaction to the effectiveness of a Canadian protest. Concerned that his firm's plight is just part of America's general retaliation plans, he's considering moving his business to the United States. "We have to eat," he declares, "we have to make a living." The truth is, Canadians have no real protective leverage. U.S. investment in Canada totals \$44.6 billion (U.S.)—almost 38 per cent of the country's total annual output. Where that puts Canadian counter-

retaliation plans was succinctly described last week when Secretary Cohen told Trudeau that he remembered the tit-for-tat that followed Ottawa's 1975 elimination of tax deductions for Canadian firms advertising in American owned publications. "We in Congress expanded by limiting the U.S. tax deductions for Americans holding concessions in Canada. The Canadian action cost American business about \$15 million annually. The U.S. action lost your tourist industry about \$150 million."

However, as the Canadian diplomatic corps hustled former Canadian ambassador to Iran and hostage rescue hero Ken Taylor from dining room to dining room—fleeting the only, albeit well-worn, piece of currency by which Canada believes it can still claim an American debt of gratitude—Trudeau remained amazingly jaunty. One reason may have been the presence of Mexican

and Reagan, set together for their only trilateral meeting over breakfast last Friday. Not surprisingly, Porillo and Trudeau worked in stereo to reassure Reagan that the public sector had a role to play in foreign aid (the U.S. president would rather see the private sector take credit for far more economic and industrial development). As the meeting ended and the eggs and sausage were renewed there was, once again, an agreement to disagree. A top Trudeau aide present at the meeting said, "Each party was throwing out particular ideas"—a description reminiscent of MacKenzie's earlier meeting with Treasury Secretary Donald Regan.

Ultimately, the Grand Rapids conclusion may have been more interesting for its chemistry than content. Clearly greeted for a successful summit at Ottawa in October, Trudeau appears to be deepening his alliance with Porillo



MacKenzie with Reagan (above), Dingell (above left) and Cohen (above right) the possibility of it becoming popular to kick Canadians

President José López Portillo, the only other foreign leader to be invited to Grand Rapids for the inauguration and an informal title 4-tile with Reagan. Currently Canada's relations with Mexico are at a nadir. Although Mexico is unlikely to provide Canada with a third space—a trade relationship that would relate dependence on the U.S.—Canada's exports to Mexico have risen 306 per cent in the past 14 months and Mexico's exports 56 per cent. Moreover, Mexico's oil-rich oil industry is something of a touchstone for Trudeau's energy ambitions. Finally, the two leaders continue to be open to the possibility of key links on the agenda at the upcoming North-South conference in Ottawa.

The three leaders, Trudeau, Porillo

Though his relations with Reagan were at best businesslike, Trudeau had expected to more. Reagan had, however, Canada's surprising determination to stand firm on the National Energy Program and the lack of progress on any of the other disagreements is currently at its core brought a grim note to the American entourage. With unusual reticence, Reagan and his aides later refused any comment on the Trudeau talks with the Washington press corps aboard Air Force One. As leader of the world's most powerful nation, the president was uncomfortable to back talk from the leader of any other nation—and despite Canada's special friendship with the U.S. he would not make an exception for Pierre Elliott Trudeau. Regardless, Trudeau seems determined on any occasion to keep a proton to the stiletto. He has just gone too far to back out.

Win also from John May, Gordon Luger, Robert Lewis and William Leathers

The flight of the bumblebees

While 45 members of the Calgary Philharmonic played the *Calypso* movement from Dvořák's *Symphony at St. Hilary* last evening last week, eight inmates were fiddling with a hacksaw blade in a ground-floor workshop next to the concert. When the musicians finished, they looked up to find the hall was empty, their audience of 800 incarcerated prisoners had been returned to their cells because guards had found the window bars cut—and discovered that eight inmates had hauled away all the tools.

In all, there have been more than 20 escapes from the provincial correctional centre in just over a year. And people living close to the jail just outside Calgary are losing sleep wondering



Fraser serving coffee to escapees

whether some of the prisoners at St. Hilary might drop by for a midnight snack. "I don't mind when they let them go one at a time, but when they start letting seven or eight go at once I get worried," says Gail Fraser, a local former Fraser has more cause than most for anxiety. One of her neighbours was robbed by an inmate who fled on a motorcycle, and on another occasion she served coffee to two escapees who claimed to be travel agents. The most recent escape prompted Calgary Mayor Ralph Klein to write to Alberta Solicitor-General Graham Hurlin about "numerous calls from constituents worried about the escapes, which raised great alarm in the adjacent community."

The province faced a board of inquiry into the escapes and concluded that inmates should be searched more often and more thoroughly for hidden blades and other contraband. "Some people," says Hurlin, "would have cut people up and thrown away the key. But we also have a duty to do what we can to help prisoners rehabilitate themselves." Of the 315 prisoners at St. Hilary, 122 are minimum-security prisoners—these serving time for crimes such as breaking and entering and theft—and 193 are medium-security prisoners—those in for far more serious crimes such as assault and robbery. Those men included the eight escapees—three and a half were the good neighbors of St. Hilary.

P.E.I.

The tide came in, the tide went out

After the fall on hard-luck Prince Edward Island, the idea sounded like the greatest innovation since French fries. To end the province's traditional dependence on farming, fishing and tourism, the government would build its hooks to real light industry athletes, thus diversifying the island's economic base and creating hundreds of new jobs. But last week, the Conservative provincial government finished tacking up the cost of the ambitious industrial strategy policy undertaken by its liberal predecessors a mere 18 months ago. The alarming total: \$62 million in lost debts paid off by the province after the bankruptcy of a dozen firms backed by Industrial Restructuring Incorporated.

Faded Nova factory: Clark (below) a greenhouse reduction in output



(below) a provincial Crown corporation. Looking over his inherited calamity, Industry Minister Barry Clark says he is convinced the worst is over and that 20's current policies make more economic sense. "The big change we've made," says Clark, "is to switch our support to local industries. What we've done in the last 18 months would probably surprise most Islanders. We've loaned out a total of \$6.5 million—but only two of the firms getting loans are not based on the island." Under then Liberal industry minister Dr. John Maclean and Ben Green, first head of IRI, the policy was exactly the reverse. 120 salesmen roamed through North America and Europe making offers that could not be refused. To the island came such companies as Greywolf (furniture store), De-Cat Products (aluminum wheels), Nova Engineering (precision instruments) and Calypso (sunglasses). When the end came, Nova left \$200,000 in bad debts, Calypso \$1.6 million—and Greywolf an arresting \$4 million.

An official with the federal department of regional economic expansion, and a critic of the policy from the beginning, said the program had built in weaknesses. For one, the companies were not obliged to put up enough of their own money initially. Some of them were branch plants and, when they were set up in P.E.I., their parent companies underperformed, selling the outdated equipment to the new island branch. Second, though their strategies showed there was a market for their products, they never figured out how to win a share of it. And being located in P.E.I., some of them were simply too far from their potential customers. For all that, Clark says that 30 firms still backed by IRI at its industrial mall in Charlottetown are well positioned with good futures—edifying the irrepressible optimism of Maritime politicians throughout history.—KENNETH WENZ



Thunder Bay

A whole loaf is better than none

A back-to-work breadline began including 4,900 starving groins in Thunder Bay last week, angry western farmers, whose sales and deliveries had been delayed by the 36-day stoppage, stepped up demands that the workers be hooked of their right to strike. Sweet farmers who could deliver their grain to nearby elevators and to find storage elsewhere—and pay for it. Others faced additional interest payments because they did not have money to pay their bank loans. Says MacGillivray, a spokesman for the Manitoba Farm Bureau: "It's the farmers, not the grain handlers, who'll pay for this strike."

But the question of who lost what in the strike has become a hot political wheat cake. At the outset, the Canadian Wheat Board said the stoppage of 69 per cent of the country's grain exports was



Grain handlers, a political wheat cake

cutting private farmers \$150 million a day in deliveries and sales. Last week, however, Wheat Board Minister Hanes Arpa criticized his own agency, saying, "Sales can be picked up immediately and the revenue recovered." The union agrees. Frank Hume, president of the 1,000 Canadian Lakedown Grain Handlers, says the strike will not cost the true grain handlers a penny. "The Wheat Board's \$10-million-a-day figure, that's a fragment of someone's imagination, when this thing gets rolling in a few days, we'll make up for all that."

In any event, Hume had reason to be jubilant. Grain handlers, who earned an average of \$10.00 an hour, were on across-the-board increase of \$1.50 an hour retroactive to Feb. 1 and a further

\$1.20 on Feb. 1, 1982—a pay hike of 13 per cent in the first year and 10 per cent, plus a cost-of-living allowance, in the second. More important, the companies proposed for a seven-day workweek was blown to smith and the union was control over automated equipment at Cargill Grain Company, one of 14 operators whose elevators dominate Thunder Bay's grain business. Even the Elevators Association says it is pleased with the settlement.

Farmers still feel they have been left with the bare door open. Beyond their wish to begin grain handling strikes, they worry about Canada's reputation as a reliable supplier. That concern was dismissed by Wheat Board spokesman John Morrison: "We're not the only country that has strikes." Farmers, frenetically threatening second to deliver the largest wheat crop in Canadian history, could be forgiven for feeling they need comfort, which will grow even if they reject a unionist board report last week, strike the fall.

—RONALD WOLSKI

National

Fighting against living in fear

In Montreal, they chanted "The street belongs to us! End racism to our body!" In Calgary, six members of the Pleasant Thru Project were again and performed a rape in music. In New Westminster, B.C., the hundreds of women at a candlelight vigil had extra reason for concern: "If young people in the area disappeared this summer, including night girls, and 10 bodies have been found in Toronto, 600 women claimed their share of fury, "Take Back the Night!" In all, thousands of women in 24 towns and cities, photographed by the Toronto-based Women Against Rape group, turned last Friday evening into an at one angry and poignant uprising against the province's assault and rape rates forced upon them by men.

And with good reason. Rape in Canada are rising at 2,000 a year—up 125 per cent over 1969—and that figure only accounts for reported rapes, police, incest, sexual and medical experts believe the true figure is 10,000 a year. "We're angry because we're forced to live in fear," Debbie Parent shouted through a bullhorn at the start of the Toronto march from a corner in Calabriggion, a curious mix of white-mailed economics and grabby rooming houses. The idea was to stand through the streets and use megaphones to lead women out of their homes in support, only a few responded, and at its

height the procession numbered no more than 400, though organizers had hoped for 1,000. But what the women were have looked to others, they were then made up for in the clarity and force of their message: "Women unite! Take back the night! No more rape! Punished, when befuddled, men wandered out of homes to see what the demonstration was all about, then returned to more placid waters.

The most successful protest was in Montreal, where more than 2,000 chanting women with placards marched through snarl and snarl, striking occasionally to insert pictures of sex sheets, bachelors, dance halls and slinky soft-porn movie houses. Marlene J. Levert said she was there "because I'm a woman. I'm not afraid to go out at night because I'm over 50. But then, even if you're not afraid, you can still be raped." "Each one of us lives with violence," said organizer Rachel Bédard. "Not all women have been raped, but we all live with the threat." In New Westminster, families have been living most intensely with circumstances beyond



Toronto marchers: sanctity and violence

more threats, because of the summer's epidemic of battery, said Nicole Kennedy, "women have been keeping their children at home, thinking that is the only way they're going to be safe, to be locked up inside, like we've been punished for the violence that's been inflicted upon us."

It was a night of women against men against men, a night of women against a question of freedom and fear, sanctity and violence, crime and punishment, victory and defeat. The nationwide emotional marches answered rather, as their organizers were wholly aware, nevertheless, that the questions should be asked with each other, that danger be seen as a few steps away from danger in the dark.

The play for eastern oil



By Michael Chappin

Early in 1964 Premier Joey Smallwood of Newfoundland sent two deep-sea divers pretty much out to sea: the limits of Canada's exclusive economic zone. There, on the edge of the vast underwater plateau of the Grand Banks, they deposited a plaque on the ocean floor to mark the province's claim to the riches in the water and in the land below—a symbol of grand ambition. Seventeen years later that symbol has become a focal point, an auspicious, if troubled, convergence of aspiration and reality that even Smallwood may have been incapable of imagining.

Hundreds of miles below the sea bottom, mining from Cape Cod north to Halifax Island, lies an enormous series of oil and natural gas pockets, preserved over millions of years from the sedimentary remains of an ancient ocean. Tantalized by geological hints, oil company geologists and drillers tried since the mid-'60s to pinpoint the deposits. Some gave up in disgust, like Shell,



Workers on drilling floor of an oil rig off Cape Breton Island: aspiration and reality mingle in an Atlantic manner

which in 1977 had only 47 unlicensed boreholes to show for eight years of drilling and an expenditure of \$495 million. But a consortium of companies, including Mobil Oil of Canada Ltd and Chevron Standard, pressed ahead and, starting with the gas and oil finds off Labrador

and the Grand Banks in 1979, a series of discoveries followed in a work of geological time. Hibernia G-15, the outcrop of the East Coast "play" in 1970; Hibernia L-12 in 1981—the same year that Sable Island's well-known gas reservoir was shown almost certainly to be commercially viable. Quite suddenly, the nation's proper, Atlantic Canada, found it had inherited a quarter of the country's oil reserves and half its natural gas—with millions of acres of sevens yet to be explored.

Concessions into "real" terms followed quickly: Hibernia by itself was no panacea, but these wells that was could bring in as much as \$22 billion for Newfoundland, depending on the revenue split with the federal government, and Sable Island gas could bring billions more for Nova Scotia. If the East became self-sufficient in oil, the federal government would save the annual \$3-billion subsidy for imported crude oil. Hundreds of millions more dollars would be saved in equalization payments if the region became prosperous. A heady prospect.

But the emerging age of eastern oil has already brought with it a number of sharp conflicts. Next week, federal government officials sit down with their counterparts from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to try to settle once and for all which government should manage the off-shore development, how the revenues should be split and who, after all, owns the resources (see box, page 28). Already there are cracks in the Newfoundland lineup. Premier Brian Peckford is now busily trying to find a replacement for Leo Barry, his energy minister and forceful lieutenant in the resources campaign, who resigned recently after Peckford curbed his negotiating powers. There are cracks on the provincial front as well. In Nova Scotia, where Premier John Buchanan is favored to win re-election early next month, the government is already gearing up to fight with Newfoundland for the spillovers—the lucrative off-shore oil business.

Peckford and Buchanan may have a



Peckford: Lavaquas of the East

common cause against the federal government, but that hasn't prevented a strong sense of competition. Peckford's recent Newfoundlanders-first hiring regulations have aggravated provincial jealousies first fired up by fishing disputes. "It's getting ridiculous," says Nova Scotia Captain Winston Thurlow. "Pretty soon they'll have an changing crew halfway between Sydney and Port aux Basques." The competition between Halifax and St. John's cuts into the open last spring with a cheeky advertisement placed by the Port of Halifax in a Calgary-based oil industry



Buchanan campaigning in Pictou, N.S., cranks on the provincial front

magazine. The ad promised that "working in the off-shore industry doesn't mean you're destined to live in the boondocks," and then sang the praises of the city's theatres, universities and other amenities. Halifax already has the edge in attracting oil executives with its international airport and extensive hotel space. But as Mark Shrago, the research and economics director for the city of St. John's, says, "All the tank farms in the world aren't going to move Hibernia closer to Halifax—and a helicopter can't fly that distance. They have to go from St. John's."

The offshore locations will automatically give St. John's some surviving and repairing age-offs, but work in engineering, design, research and testing is up for grabs between the two centers. And even within Nova Scotia itself there is some rivalry over the estimated \$5 billion and 10,000 jobs that Sable Island could put into the economy by the end of the decade if the find proves commercially viable. In Sydney, an oil plant lease is being set aside for off-shore-related businesses in Port Hawkesbury, at the so-called "Canso Superport," there's hope that the multi-banded deep-water port might become an off-shore services and supply depot.

St. John's thoughts are overcast in the Halifax-Dartmouth area. It takes something of a mental stretch to think of the East—especially Newfoundland (see box, page 30)—having such wealth to argue over. But the region has not always been down and out. Toward the end of the last century, if a Canadian economist had been asked to pick the future industrial heartland of the country, the odds are he would have said Nova Scotia—with its im-

mense coal and iron reserves, and an accumulation of business schemes belittling the world's fourth-largest maritime trading centre. Newfoundland, supplier of salt cod to most of the world's cuisines, later discovered hydroelectric resources that could have changed up an industrial country with tens of millions of people. But instead of thriving, the region's economy became a metaphor for depression—a degeneration that, particularly in Nova Scotia, is laid squarely at the feet of federal policies which gave Central Canada the edge in trade. Now that Atlantic Canada—especially Newfoundland and Nova Scotia—has a spectacular chance to catch up the stagnation with Ottawa will be made all the more touchy by the province's strong proprietary sense rooted in a deep conviction of historical grievance.

The rift between Newfoundland and the federal government widened dramatically in 1977, a year before Nova Scotia took its own independent stand as the offshore. At that time, Ottawa tried to establish a memorandum of agreement with the four Atlantic provinces on sharing the off-shore wealth under a formula that would give the provinces the bulk and a 25-75 per cent split. But Newfoundland Premier Frank Moores refused to attend the meeting. With the support of such party-outcast common scoundrels as Peckford and Barry, he asserted his claim to full ownership of oil based on the argument that Newfoundland did not surrender its sovereignty when it joined Canada in 1949. As for Nova Scotia, Buchanan came to power in October, 1978, and quickly revolved the province's participation as the grounds that

the few great could whittle the province down to nothing.

Pickford and Buchanan had almost won a complete victory on ownership when the Clark investigation was abruptly ended and the presumed transfer of off-shore control to the province suddenly was complicated. From then on, Pickford's skillful maneuvering as the self-styled "Rock-Lévesque of the East" solidified his "bad-boy" image across the country, even though Buchanan had also taken some hard stands. Last May he told Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau that he would simply ignore Bill C-44, the federal clause to the offshore, if the bill is passed. Pickford and he was not about to sacrifice the province's "heritage and our future." Neither province has given much public attention to the fact that it was federal law conflicts that first arrested the drilling rig by regulating exploration costs.

Pickford's proprietary emphasis extends well beyond his strident personal style. As energy minister in 1977, he spearheaded legislation to sheltered as many of the benefits of oil as possible to the island (by demanding local living and buying of supplies whenever possible) and to control all phases of oil production and distribution. The interventionist legislation had its roots in a towering Newfoundland nightmare. As Bruce Milne, director of the province's Petroleum Directorate, says: "There is a sense in which everything that's put out there on the oilfield is floated there from somewhere else [other than Newfoundland]. And then all the product is put in a tanker and taken somewhere else. Then who would the great benefits for this province be?"

To make sure the nightmare doesn't come true, Pickford's government

The glitter of black gold

The old port city of St. John's sits on the west tip of the island, hovering between the old world and the new in the fish-packing plant by the harbor mouth. Newfoundlanders still sip red and live with the stink the way they did four centuries ago. But just down the wharf fellow islanders lend the sleek, high-powered symbol of a new economic order—the Schmeersman, a supply ship that lends the gigantic, spindly oil drilling rigs on the Grand Banks. In the second engineer's cabin, crewmen put up their feet and relax after a long week at sea. "I spent Christmas in the North Sea. I spent my kid's birthday at sea and my own birthday at sea," says Wayne

ducha, Walter Barry's nephew, more excited. The 35-year-old sailor, Newfoundland's one of 7,000 on the provincial government's off-shore employment list. Barry, who has turned his own account, has moved down the road to Alberta. "Off-shore oil? It's the future, boys," he says. "For all the good of well as Newfoundland, they might as well set a match to it out where it is now."

Of all the Atlantic provinces, Newfoundland may have the most to gain from the oil development, or the need to focus in useful costs. The shadings go so that distinction have split the province, in very broad terms, into two camps. There are those who advocate caution and who voice concern over the damage of might being in the province's distinctive culture and social order. They take their lead from Premier Brian Peckford's oft-repeated remark, "I hope we can still sing in the



St. John's harbor, an ancient seaport, is a place in black capital letters.

Barry, a tough-talking 40-year-old from Winton, P.E.I. It's not a one-plat, just a reminder of the cost of his property. He says, "Without oil I never could have bought a house, or given my son the chance I never had—a college education." Next to him John Ware's quiet, thoughtful voice adds more thanks to oil: "If it weren't for the oil out there, none of these kids would be looking for a fring." The former fisherman from Presford, Placentia Bay, and father of six needs not add that the fishery is in some danger.

But Newfoundland's inheritance has brought its own problems. The captain of the Schmeersman, Winston Thurlow, a Nova Scotian who slipped past the recent Newfoundlanders-only hiring law because of his long experience in the world's oil fields, is somewhere "enraged." The Atlantic provinces have fished together and worked together for years," he says. "Why can't we do so now without these rules?" Down on the

St. John's harbor, an ancient seaport, is a place in black capital letters.

St. John's harbor, an ancient seaport, is a place in black capital letters.

months. More than 100 oil-related companies sprouted in St. John's and the popular song of the hour went: "Black gold, I'm told, will take all our troubles away."

But it soon became clear that the black gold would not flow from its sub-sea wells, usually said to lie on the east, and that even then the benefits might bypass the island. The playboy boom was long gone by last July when Hebron, a second viable well near Hibernia, was announced and was barely registered on the front page. The newly re-created sector of the development is still in its job-phase exploration

stage. In fact, last year off-shore-related spending in the province averaged for less than one per cent of the two-year-old oil boom and barely touched the oil boom. The conservative unemployment figure of 30,000. Now it is both a critical matter of policy and the reigning party game to spend 10 years into the future, striving to see the shape of things to come and how best to prepare for them.

"I think people have difficulty in grasping any concept of the scale of this development," says Angus Brannan over a bowl of home-made soup in St. John's snug Ship Inn. Brannan, Hibernia's first chief of operations, now head of an off-shore oil consulting firm, now Newfoundland and firmly planted in the expansion of development. While he agrees that the pace must not be allowed to get out of hand, he betrays an uncharacteristic irritation over the ownership "bustle" of the government, and the curbs of its own citizens.

"We've been so far ahead of the general interest, the ownership issue," he says. "The resource stretches for 3,000 miles around to the Grand Banks, and St. John's is one of the few cities close to it. It's an enormous opportunity for the province to get some international support strategy going by linking technology and resources."

There are certainly plenty of Newfoundlanders prepared to take up that opportunity. Old St. John's diversified firms such as Connaught Enterprises and Hibernia are now set up joint ventures with out-of-province firms and are searching the off-shore activity. Consulting firms like Brannan's, Irving Consultants and a myriad of

others—more than 250—have sprung up. Some are less than grand, such as the string of newstands that Ray Brown, a 35-year-old oil-ship's officer, is setting up in St. John's to cater to "the more cosmopolitan people being attracted to the city." Says Brown: "I've now got a list for Newfoundlanders— you can buy the same day's New York Times at my first newstand."

But Brown, like others, has begun to see the risks of oil development. The 100-year-old shipyard house that he and his wife, Sandra, are renovating cost \$20,000 last spring—double the price it brought four years earlier. "I've



St. John's harbor, an ancient seaport, is a place in black capital letters.

taken advantage of oil, but I wouldn't mind if it went away tomorrow," he says. "It's a blessing a lot of good, which you can use in the changing way people do business. With a lot of people a hand-shake used to be good enough to close a deal, but that's quickly changing." Reclusive Doug Thomas, a professor at Memorial University, denounces other subtle changes. "You can already see the personal touch disappearing in business relations, but it's more than that. When somebody in St. John's says, 'Who's he?' they mean what family is he from, what school did he go to. His definition of who somebody is is going to be more in the future on position, income level, one's street address."

Less spiritual alterations are al-

ready occurring. Brother Johnson who sat out of St. John's airport that first unprecedented voyage, says that fish some of their nets across from the drilling operations. Those reports have blown fears of another Mexico, where blowouts have coated beaches and hundreds of oil workers have died. And while Chief Richard Rucke of the Royal Newfoundland Constabulary doesn't expect a crime increase of the sort Calgary has experienced, his officers are being trained for such currently rare problems as fraud and drug-related crime.

The question is how much caution is warranted. The Financial Post recently predicted that Newfoundland's growth rate in the '80s will be second only to Alberta's. And all but the most astute businessmen agree that some governmental reining-in of the development is advisable to give Newfoundlanders some control over the province's change. But when a concerned Pickford told a crowd of St. John's businessmen last summer that he was afraid of oil "leading up the economy dangerously in the future, the middle school for days down Water Street, where the business community is struggling to withstand a 30-year low. "Of course there are some costs to development," says Brannan with a hint of exasperation, in the manner of a man watching papers scumpan about the fine print of a huge inheritance. "We're still paying these social costs for the American occupation here during the war, but they left us with a skilled work force and other benefits. You have to look at both sides of development. Besides, who can my what would happen if there were no development—that it would be better that way?"

Oil has historic and human dimensions for Newfoundland and these come together in the person of Dennis Hyman Jr., a 34-year-old businessman in St. John's. His father and grandparents had to leave the island 30 years ago, when the collapse of the salt oil factory left them without work. His father was 13 at the time. When Dennis was 18, his father brought him back to Newfoundland. Now he's changed suddenly into Newfoundland's great acceptance of the same hope for the future—a hope that has just begun to unfold. —M.C.



wants offshore oil transported to the island by shuttle tankers on a pipeline. However, Mohl, acting as a spokesman for the consortium, has warned that a pipeline would almost certainly be captured by an oil lobby, if it was to be able to ship the oil off-shore — to wherever the company likes. "At some point we'll have to get right down on the mat and wrestle with them," says Dory Little, president of Mobil Oil Canada. Pickford's difficulty will be that he cannot force Mohl to build a pipeline and that Mobil is not alone in believing there is serious danger to a sub-sea pipeline. Brian Pickford considers himself a "thinking person, not an oil person," and since he is determined that Newfoundland will emerge from the age of oil with its fisheries intact, he will have to take special care to reduce the chance of serious pollution.

While Nova Scotia has passed legislation similar to Newfoundland's to control oil development, it has not been necessary so far to implement the regulations. Nova Scotia is not an unprincipled oilfield off-shore. Development in Newfoundland is, and is therefore more willing to compromise with the oil companies. The reason is that off-shore oil is just one of several bright prospects for fuel self-sufficiency. Nova Scotia's dependence on foreign oil may be cut as early as the mid-1980s when natural gas is piped in from Western Canada, massive reserves of coal are used to generate electricity and Subia Island gas comes on stream. Later in the century, the province may be supplied with liquid natural gas from the Arctic, with tidal power and coal liquefaction possibly adding to the power grid. Newfoundland's only major energy alternative is to develop the Gulf Island and



Meekins. Pickford's letter, sites on the lower Churchill River. But as long as its deal with Quebec continues over an earlier power contract, transmission of power to outside markets is unlikely.

Planners in both provinces are looking beyond an economy that will latch to life in the age of oil development only to slump back into its familiar senescence when the oil "pigs" has ended. Hence the overriding concern that the development be paced slowly enough to give local companies time to grow up.

For Nova Scotia, Development Minister Roland Thomlinn the challenge is clear enough. "In the next 10 years there's going to be \$50 billion worth of hardware required on the Atlantic

coast. At the present time only a very small proportion of that equipment is manufactured or capable of being manufactured in Atlantic Canada." To fill the gap, St. John's is establishing a first-rank centre for cold ocean technology and development. In Dartmouth, N.S., industries are clearing ground for a \$10-million ocean-industries industrial park. Vocational training programs are being tailored to produce operators for oil rigs and marine diesel rigs, while the Technical University of Nova Scotia is starting up the country's second degree program in petroleum engineering. Scores of joint venture companies have been formed in St. John's and Halifax, linking local experience with outside knowledge of oil. But this is still a time of preparation. "The project won't really let him enter the development stage when all the heavy construction begins," says Harold Giddeon, chairman of the oil and gas committee of the Halifax Board of Trade. "And that won't come for another four or five years."

Nonetheless, the region is coming alive with anticipation at the same time that it is trying to guard against alarmingly high hopes. For their part, Prime Minister Mulroney and New Brunswick stand in behalf through related industries such as the Saint John shipyard. Especially important to those provinces will be access to a dependable fuel supply, immune to the vagaries of the international oil markets. For Pickford, oil in Newfoundland's last chance for Brunswick is a part of an exciting range of new energy sources. And for the country as a whole, oil from the coast offers a chance for renewed strength that always comes with self-reliance. □

led to a faster development.

● **Kavanas-shorts.** Ottawa has offered the two provinces 500 per cent of "provincial-type" revenues (in the same deal Alberta has used) they prosper and lose their "have-not" status. At that point, the province firm would be allowed to meet the wider needs of the country as a whole. But the province object that under the economic plan to off-shore operations, a provincial cut made along the same lines as the Alberta deal would give them between 15 and 24 per cent of oil and gas revenue instead of Alberta's 36 per cent.

A second dispute centres on the outlying claims of Peto-Canada and Newfoundland's provincial oil companies over the right to buy "back in" shares of oil wells. A further, related problem is that under the existing federal-provincial equalization payments scheme, the provinces will simply lose a dollar of transfer payments for every dollar of petroleum revenue that would leave

them running on an economic treadmill while Ottawa saves hundreds of millions of dollars. The payment plan comes up for renewal next March.

● **Ownership.** By separating this from the other two disputes, the parties have tried clear away the second intramural goal obstacle to moving ahead with the development stage offshore. That stage could come in Newfoundland by early 1983 and perhaps earlier in Nova Scotia. If there is an settlement by next February, the centralist issue will be set aside for a moment and the other negotiations will resume from the beginning after a ruling is issued. Simply stated, all three governments must outright ownership of the offshore. The provinces are basing their case on detailed historical claims that they appear, and are not without merit, to be correct. The federal government is citing a Supreme Court of Canada judgment giving them control to West Coast offshore resources.



Gobeil and Lewis back to the NDP at a sixth 70

It should look fascinating on Stephen Lewis' return, the jump from leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition in the Ontario legislature to its opposition on the Third World War. The former provincial NDP chief and co-host Charlotte Gobeil will tackle Amegdon on their first stage next month on TV Ontario's *Quebec's A Public-Affairs Show*. "We felt it was a timely subject," says Lewis. "People should be aware of what the world is up against, what can happen to all of us." But Lewis is less certain about what could happen in the current struggle for the Ontario NDP leadership. Would the man who once came within touching distance of the premiership consider having another crack at the title? "Oh God, no," Lewis moans. "Categorically, absolutely and for all time—no." Then he hedged, "Well, maybe when I'm 76 and senile and no one will notice."

There are probably 25 million men who would love to spend two days in a hot tub with Morgan Fairchild, but with me it's a big joke." Hughie Greenidge actor Michael Sarrazin, who splashed around recently with the *Flamingo Road* "Love goddess" while filming *The Seduction* in his first movie role Fairchild plays a TV anchorman who is bewitched by a deviate fan, and Sarrazin stars as her protective journalist boyfriend. "It sounds pretty dreadful and tedious, and it's certainly not *Thy Story* *Howdy*, Don't *They*!" admits Sarrazin, who ends up being rewarded in the middle of the aquatic entanglements. As for the splendorous



Morgan Fairchild: nothing but huge

near apophysis about hot tubs, Sarrazin says. "After two days of filming a seduction is hot water. I have some direct evidence that it becomes impossible to attract more than a half dozen."

First it was designer jeans. Then came "animal" dances with personally numbered shirts but perched on pants pockets. Now it's on hand to goodness plastic. At 5'10", the latest *Yves O'Neil* movie, tells the story of a fading Seventh Avenue dealer who covets his beliefs with see-through plastic and gets by as the snout of his pants. Modeling the fantasy wear at

the Toronto Festival of Festivals last week, Hargo Hoy and Gabeil Nordland raised one ribbon to give as they glissade marched around busy downtown streets. Once the shock had worn off, says Hoy, "all my friends kept asking me where they could buy a pair. I told them 'I don't know but I got mine.'" Adds Nordland: "It's a bit different than what we're usually hired for, but I loved it. As for my boyfriend..."

Later Mackenzie, the 40-year-old winner of the 1988 National Newspaper Award for cartooning, drove from his Toronto home to his new job at the *Windsor Free Press* last week. He took one look around the city and left. Arriving for work the next day, editorial page editor John Denis was greeted not by the sight of his grin: acquisition hawkered down over a drafting board but by a note stuck in his mailbox. "After considerable soul-searching, I realize that I could not make this my home," it read. The *Free Press* is left with \$20,000 copies missing the announcement of Rockwell's appointment and no cartoonist. The helpful reporters tried to fill the void by bringing Defer's desk with anti-establishment illustrations, while the editor searched for a staffer who would not repeat the halfway-in-the-West-Coast banishment.

—EDITED BY BARBARA MATTHEWS

Where the players stand

When representatives of the federal government meet their counterparts from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia next week, they will face a bewildering series of issues awaiting a resolution. Among the most important:

● **Jurisdiction.** Ottawa has proposed joint management of resources by a board composed of federal and provincial representatives. The provinces like the idea, but still to be decided is which level of government will own the decision-making on the board. It's a crucial matter because the provinces are fundamentally concerned to control their own development to give them time to adapt. They fear Ottawa's interest in national fuel self-sufficiency would



Mauroy (left) and Rocard: Selves of highly charged legislation

WORLD

French face-lift

The Socialists begin an economic overhaul

By Mured McDonald

French Prime Minister Pierre Mauroy once warned that "in 100 days socialism cannot change the ideology and culture of 200 years of capitalism." Perhaps not. But Mauroy seems to have thrown himself into the task of supplanting that discipline. Last week, in his fellow countrymen straggled back from their annual vacation binge, competing taxes and traffic jams, the barely astute technical schoolteacher was completing a birth of the National Assembly. The sera of his salvo of highly charged legislation to re-mould the face of France radically over the next decade.

In the most striking economic overhaul since the Second World War—and with the still-quelling opposition off guard—Mauroy has silenced those skeptics who scoffed at President François Mitterrand's pledge to keep all his election promises. The first plank of Mauroy's nationalisation bill, due far cabinet blessing this week, sweeps into the state's embrace five major industrial groups that dominate the electronics and chemical fields, taken a 51-per-cent interest in the two arms giants, Dassault and Matra, and sweeps up 30 private banks, giving the government effective control of 96 per cent of all deposits. The next phase, enveloping the local enterprises of three national-

tionals, including rrr-Prison, will come in soon as negotiations with foreign shareholders are completed. To bolster this drastic turnabout, Mauroy has introduced tax reforms that home in on the expense account perks of the economic elite and on the staggering privileges enjoyed by its younger fortune—400 families who, despite successive revolutions, have maintained their grip on the country's wealth. Last week, with controversial bills on deceleration and the abolition of the poll-tax (which 62 per cent of Frenchmen still favour) before the National Assembly, Mauroy launched an assault on the government's most cherished priority—cutting back the mushrooming host of 1,800,000 unemployed. In an emotional 1½-hour policy speech, which called to mind Franklin Delano Roosevelt's New Deal liberalism, he unveiled his sweeping plans. Mauroy pledged 60,000 new civil service jobs, a massive public works corps for unemployed youth, a cutback in the workweek to 38 hours by 1985 and a reduction in the retirement age to 60 from 65.

The model was profoundly socialist. But it will be socialism with a highly entrepreneurial twist. Included in the Mauroy package are \$100 million in credits for businesses creating new jobs, tax incentives and a series of steps to "debursement" controls. The accolade has resulted that they cannot

carry out their economic vision without business support, and so determined has been the government's courtship lately that even French editorialists christened it a "liberal offensive." To Mauroy it has simply been a matter of converting the pedigree art that the Left can give it what the Right could not. "A social climate of negotiation instead of confrontation, and a system of planning that can provide guidance. That philosophical mix marks what Mitterrand has defined as 'socialism à la Française.' This starts from the premise that economic policies cannot succeed if cold budgetary statistics are allowed to triumph at the expense of the needs of human life. Says a Mauroy aide. "We last assume him is not the theorists and prognosticators, but the stimulation of personality." The deci-



Private bank soon-to-be nationalized

ma to reduce unemployment and down the budget deficit, at a time when every other major Western government is doing the reverse, is a distant gamble. A study by Chase Reamersville predicts that efforts to deflate to a three-per-cent growth rate by next year may in fact succeed—thanks in the long term inflation and the increased trade shortfall that result will provoke a recession of the sort suffered lately by Sweden. However, this canner's British roots and the growing disenchantment with Reaganomics have done nothing to disavow Mitterrand, and opposition legislators have done once last. Still trying to ascertain themselves is being out of power, they dared no more last week than as easily, deflated currency notions. Over the roughly 10-year-old, Marcel Merle, whose constituency was once a French village, is due to be asked under the state's wing, sustained a war smile of resignation. He had already been nationalized once and any more, he allowed, he could not find



Dassault: a wit with a sense of resignation

an adequate successor to himself. If the opportunity so far has been bleak, however, it doesn't by any means signify that most Frenchmen have been won over. A poll last week by the right-wing daily *Le Parisien* showed a six-point drop in Mitterrand's popularity rate and a three-point slide in Mauroy's. But perhaps the most elegant footnote to the socialist's first 100 days—the anniversary falls on Sept. 29—came from a Paris developer. He announced plans to build a new French quarter in Johannesburg to accommodate those countrymen who are currently fleeing to the capitalist havens of South Africa.

Britain

Left, right and rising centre

The faded Victorian grandeur of Lambeth on the north Wales coast, a favorite of Liberal party conventions, has long seemed an appropriate spot for the surviving legions of Lloyd George to brood on tarnished glories. Last week, however, in the unlikely setting of an art deco cinema, Liberal delegates were once again in a position to make history—and voted the opposition by voting overwhelmingly to join formally in wedlock with the struggling Social Democratic Party (SDP). The formal tying of the knot between the venerable Liberal dawdler and the hunky young lion, born only last March and a broodaway by four dissident Labour ex-members, was not without its share of bridal nerves and post-nuptial disagreements. Within 28 hours of their decision in favor of an alliance, delegates were discussing the pros-

per defence policy of their new bed-partners, and right-tipped Liberal leader David Steel was forced to make it clear that policy is decided by the leadership—not on the convention floor.

The stakes were, after all, massive: the prize too glittering to risk the alliance's credibility, so soon Opinion polls last week gave it up to 45 per cent of the vote if an election were held now—enough to form a government. Then, a survey by the weekly *New Statesman* revealed that SDP and Liberal candidates had between them captured nearly half the local government seats contested in the past two months.

In truth, the polarisation of British politics, with Labour edging ever farther to the left and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher stirring her course well out to the right, has made the long



Thatcher's defiant recent reply to critics



Steel (second from right), with SDP Leaders (from left) Bill Rodgers, Roy Jenkins and Shirley Williams, share the torpid mood at 10 Downing Street

wait—the lady's not for turning"—was given solid emphasis last week by a reshuffle that jettied her cabinet of modernists. The reshuffle also served as that, despite three million unemployed and industrial indicators still stuck at "stagn," she does not intend to slacken her pursuit of the monetarist cross.

That "stares the torpidous" mood stemmed even those who had expected tough action from the beleaguered lady in 10 Downing Street. To critic in the Northern Ireland ministerial slot went Gerald J. Pratt, leader of the rabble modernists and long-serving employment secretary, whose "bolly, bolly" approach to curing Britain's assembly unions has exasperated hard-line Tories. Other notable victims were Sir Ian Gilmour, Lord Carrington's patronus No. 2 at the Foreign Office, and an outspoken critic of government economic policy, Lord Thomas of Ullyett, who, as party chairman, had embarrassed Thatcher by joining in public criticism of her policies, and the unpredictable, sly Sir Keith Joseph, 64, a longtime Thatcher

guru, who was finally cast out of his country to exercise his right-wing philosophical tendencies at education. The most abrasive of the new ministers is Pratt's replacement at employment—Norman Tebbit. To his appointment was seen as a clear signal that Thatcher intends to clip the workers' wings more closely. A building-firm urbanist, right (and ex-cousin abroad) whose grim features and inextinguishable style of debate have earned him such Labour epithets as "political steersman," Tebbit deserved himself in his new role as "a hawk, but not a kamikaze." Still, it added up to a bold bid by Thatcher to hold her course no matter how loudly the alarm bells clang. So determined was the Iron Lady that some observers wondered whether she is simply driving the Titanic straight at the iceberg. Maritime buffs—though not the Liberals or the SDP—could take heart from the theory advanced by some shipbuilding engineers: had the Titanic's helmsman had the nerve to hold a steady course, the liner, though crippled, just might have arrived. —CAROL KENNEDY

a red light near his headquarters outside Heidelberg. The vehicle was blasted by the grenade and rained by eight bullets, but the 56-year-old Krossen and his wife escaped with cuts.

Within hours the RBR, which has been inactive for much of the past four years, posted a letter to the left-wing *Frankfurter Rundschau* claiming responsibility. In a rambling diatribe, they promised new attacks against the "American military machine." Then, less than 24 hours later, police checking a railway line used to carry goods to the U.S. Rhein-Main airbase near Frankfurt defused two six-kilogram bombs.

The West German government was quick to express concern that the attacks—which came two days after a bloody demonstration in Berlin during a visit by Secretary of State Alexander Haig—could strain relations between Bonn and Washington. But equally critical, as the influential *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* put it, was the fear that "the growth of crude anti-American rhetoric" could create a favorable climate for an offensive by the terrorists similar to the campaign of bombings, roadblocks and kidnappings that shook Germany between 1972 and 1977.

The newspaper, in running this specter, alluded to the intellectual fringe, which offered discreet support to



Krossen attackers seized by a whisker

Andreas Bauder and Ulrike Meinhof after they had launched their grisly career in 1972 with a bomb blast that killed three servicemen at the U.S. base in Heidelberg. The faction has dwindled to only a score of fanatics and perhaps 500 sympathizers, and an official at West Germany's anti-terrorist headquarters in Wiesbaden "that is pushing this line to come out of the woodwork it stands a chance of finding new recruits." Security forces will likely have to deal with that prospect in a much more pressing manner during the coming months.

—PETER LEWIS

U.S.A.

Defying Diablo

Anti-nuke forces dig in their heels in California



It had been billed in advance as the largest demonstration of its kind ever. And as thousands of protesters fought a week-long guerrilla war against security forces at California's new Diablo Canyon nuclear plant last week, it also proved to be one of the most dramatic. At one, a raging storm of fishing trawlers and rubber dinghies evaded coast guard patrols to disgorge landing parties in the cove shielding the twin-domed building from the Pacific. At the same time, Congress voted in favor of its huge intake pumps and hundreds of other protesters staged a 16-km hike to blockade the plant gates, which were guarded by 700 policemen with riot gear and attack dogs. The protesters' aims to keep workers out and to prevent a test start-up this week of the most controversial facility in the troubled U.S. nuclear power industry.

The showdown at Diablo Canyon, which pits the Abalone Alliance—a coalition of antinuclear groups—against the powerful Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) climaxed 12 years of protest and legal maneuvering which have kept the plant 10% under its completion in 1979. The rocky move, midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco, seemed to be an ideal location in 1966 when construction began. It was far from the big cities, had unlimited supplies of cooling water and the cost was put at a modest \$300 million (U.S.). To

Protesters 'wring off people'

the nearby town of San Luis Obispo (population 40,000) it meant new jobs. But in 1973, geologists discovered the Trinity Hotspot fault just five kilometers from the station. The fault is believed to be capable of producing a shock of up to 6.9 on the Richter scale. To compensate, the \$156-megawatt plant was structurally reinforced at a cost of \$600 million. Court battles caused further delays and the accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear station resulted in yet more modifications. The final bill for construction will exceed \$2.3 billion.

With the work completed, the NRC insisted that the plant was safe. But Professor John Gofman, a nuclear industry expert from the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco, says it is not. "Quakes are unpredictable. The big one in San Francisco in 1906 has been put at 8.3 on Richter," he says. "I feel the NRC is writing off people in the area." The State of California, adds Gofman, admits it is not ready to handle evacuation of the 250,000 people living in an 80-km radius of the plant. In the event of a Great San Andreas earthquake, a radioactive cloud could mean perhaps 100,000 deaths and millions of injuries in Los Angeles.

By week's end, the surge had turned into a subsidence. Chancing, planned-walking demonstrators faced equally de-

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tempered shari'at fugitives and California highway patrolmen. The police had forcefully cleared scores for hundreds of plant employees and about 1,500 protesters had been arrested on trespassing charges. But notwithstanding the overwhelming anti-fugitive forces duty, and there was no sign of them giving up. As Claude Steiner, a spokesman for the alliance, put it: "Our purpose goes beyond blockading Dublin; we want to halt U.S. nuclear power development."

—WILLIAM SCOTT

Economic faith under fire

It was Harry Truman, with his unerring instinct for the obvious, who said, "A president cannot always be popular." And last week's events in Washington have given Ronald Reagan disturbing evidence that his own popularity may be waning. His proposal to sell advanced nuclear power (atoms) to Saudi Arabia has met a fierce riposte, not only in both the Senate and the House of Representatives, but also in the 80-5 billion atom package, threatening an embarrassing defeat on a major foreign policy initiative. The president's relations with organized labor are also in steep decline: at week's end, some 530,000 union members paraded noisily through the capital, protesting White House policies.

But the administration's most serious problem is still Reaganomics, the new economic theology that seems unable to attract enough believers. The president's declared purpose is deemed laudable: curb inflation, cut taxes, balance the budget by 1984 and promote industrial growth. That's about the first, successful chapter of his presidency, Reagan insisted that these goals were not mutually exclusive, and the country seemed inclined to trust him. Congress passed the biggest tax and budget cuts in American history. The Federal Reserve Board, guardian of the nation's money supply, pursued a policy designed to shrink inflationary dollars out of circulation. A sweeping plan to unleash business from its regulatory harness was unveiled.

In the interim, Reaganomics has actually been tested in action, but even administration supporters now doubt that it will work. Supply-side economics is founded on the paradox that governments can take in more revenue by cutting taxes. The notion is ultimately a measure of faith, and the faithful are beginning to defect.

To Reagan's Democratic critics, the program's contradictions have been implicit from the outset. On the one hand,



Wall Street: Higher interest rates ahead?



Volcker: The saddle is falling off

Paul Volcker, chairman of the Federal Reserve, says its real-line spending dollars out of the marketplace. On the other, Congress has approved some \$150 billion in tax cuts. "To expand and restrain the economy at the same time," John Kenneth Galbraith wrote recently, "is much like walking uphill and downhill at the same time."

And there is the federal deficit. Round-1 budget cuts pegged the 1982 debt at \$42.5 billion. But stubbornly high interest rates, a favorite of Volcker's tight money policy, have made that target a fiction. Only draconian measures, Secretary Bronx economist Henry Kissinger warned last week, would enable the administration to reach it. Otherwise, the nation is likely to see still higher interest rates before the end of the year.

Eve Masliah Rader, secretary of education, is counseling the optimism of administrative forecasts. He remarks that directly asked some White House officials, he said that a deficit of \$50 billion in 1982 would persuade Wall Street the president

would balance the budget by 1984. The Congressional Budget Office is predicting the debt will reach \$60 billion, other estimates have gone as high as \$80 billion. Another respected Reagan adviser, economist Alan Greenspan, is predicting that the economy will remain flat at least until next spring. That would mean less revenue flowing into the Treasury and still higher deficits.

The president has refused to pressure Volcker to relax the money supply, which would bring interest rates down sharply, and he has expressed distaste for credit controls, measures of which are heard frequently on Capitol Hill. Instead, he will do again this week what he has best: go before television cameras to reassure Americans and ask for their support in the second round of budget cuts—\$16.2 billion, including controversial deferment of cost-of-living increases in eight social programs. An estimated \$5 billion will be cut from planned defense spending, largely a fraction of projected outlays.

But the second round of the budget battle will not be as one-sided as the first. Before, Reagan would conservative Democrats by promising not to tangle with social security and other entitlement programs. The current lot of reductions will be seen by some politicians as a violation of that pledge. Others, among them the powerful Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, believe that the cuts in military spending are not nearly large enough. And one of the president's closest advisers, New York Republican Congressman Jack Kemp, has said he will not vote for new budget cuts. What the wisest needs, he argues, is a return to the gold standard.

"Being a president is like riding a tiger. A man has to keep on riding or be swallowed." That, too, belongs to Harry Truman. Donald Ruggles, a grizzled rider, still has a firm grip on the reins. But his saddle may be slipping slightly. ◇

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Lions in the land of winter

Ottawa grants official status to foreign banks but muzzles them in the process

By Anthony Whittingham

For two of the more aggressive foreign bankers in Canada, the styles couldn't be more different. Max Carter, urban president of Credit Suisse (Canada) Ltd., moves in a world of less open space—the cool, high-tech detachment of chrome and glass. Dynamically across a downtown Toronto corner on the 24th floor of an adjoining tower, Seelings Werner moves in a softer environment, antique wood panels and a slow Wisconsin drawl almost masking the speed with which he has hunted the Chicago-based Continental Illinois Bank (Canada) into the softest circle of Canadian corporate lending. "As bankers, we don't necessarily wear out developing a style," Werner reflects. "But I guess each of us has one."

Variety within the Canadian banking community is about to become almost limitless. The foreign banks have begun



Carter, top of largest foreign bank in Canada (from left) Charles BNP, Silvio Berlusconi

Perhaps. But whether it will be good for the foreign banks is an open question. Now that the initial ribbon-cutting and inaugural cocktail parties are coming to an end, many foreign bankers are taking a hard look at the rules Ottawa set down in last year's revised Bank Act to govern their conduct. And many don't like what they see. About 30 lending foreign banks were already operating in Canada long before they gained official recognition as "banks," and many feel they were better off before the changes. The big wave of foreign—particularly U.S.—banks arrived in Canada in the mid-1970s, but some, such as the Banque Nationale du Paris have been in Canada for nearly 20 years.

Sometimes referred to sneeringly by their Canadian rivals as "outsize bankers," the foreign banks in the past set up operations as "test-banks." They specialized in leasing and corporate lending services and by the time the Bank Act was passed they had devel-

oping near-banks will be allowed to grow by about 15 per cent. It will be harder for the new banks starting up in Canada for the first time. The amount of business they are allowed is as small—\$100 million in loans—but the most intense they can expect to earn before expansion is about \$200,000, hardly enough to pay staff and maintain the necessary office overheads, that is, unless the bank wants to subsidize its Canadian operations. It may be harder still for the lesser-known and more obscure banks to secure funds in the money markets. "Apart from the leading U.S. and European banks," says John Pinn, chief money market trader for BCI Finance Ltd. (soon to become Banca Commerciale Italiana Canada), "many of the less familiar banks may have real problems finding profitable spreads." That is a key concern, as the foreign banks—restricted to one branch each unless given special permission by Ottawa (see box)—cannot rely on the financial lifeline of deposits as their source of funds.

So will the foreign banks be competing with Canada's Big Five is the massive financing requirements associated with energy-related and other expensive mega-projects and capital works. Because of their loan restrictions, it would take a syndicate of several dozen foreign banks to put together a loan that a single Canadian bank could ac-



Carter of Credit Suisse (left); Pinn of Continental Illinois—meeting edge

Thomas in a matter of hours. "In that sense, there's no way we're any threat to the Canadian banks," says Dennis Sherwood, president of the Canadian division of Britain's Midland Bank. "We see our role as supplementing the service provided by Canadian banks, not trying to replace it."

Most Canadian banks, publicly at least, accepted the entry of foreign banks as a means of enhancing their

own international connections both in joint overseas joint ventures and as a means of gaining entry into non-English-speaking markets. For example, the Canadian banks as long as their banks were based from Canada.

The emphasis among Canadian banks as international banking has paid off. The Bank of Montreal, for example, though in relatively modest size among banks worldwide, has become the world's third-largest bank in foreign loan syndicates.

In gaining "recognition" under the Bank Act, the foreign banks may have lost the very cutting edge of competition that made them a threat in the first place. "There's no question they provided a real spur that got all of us going," says Jack of Montreal Vice-Chairman Harland MacDougall, referring to the first wave of test-banks in the early 1970s. Now, it seems, the cat has been let loose. "It's just not as attractive for us to do business any more," states Larry Chamberlain, president of J.P. Morgan of Canada. Indeed, the foreign banks may even be in competition among themselves, as the new formula sets the relative size of each bank—virtually embracing Citibank, Chemical Bank, Banque Nationale de Paris, Barclays Bank and Bank of America as the top five, while severely curbing the growth of others. So for the best bidder competition to emerge as a result of the Bank Act is the last for trial and error. Winning and thriving, interoffice rivalry and sales reduction programs are taking up almost as much time as bankers' hours will allow. Whether Canada's new approach toward foreign banks is a prudent exercise of national resources or a pithy policy of implicit protection is still an open question to be resolved in the months ahead. ☐



to arrive. After more than a decade of operating as a limited bank in various other guises, some of the world's largest financial institutions are this fall receiving federal permission to open up in Canada as full-fledged banks. So far 59 have been approved, with the second batch expected to receive their charters this week. As many as 60 leading U.S. and overseas banks are expected to be operating in Canada within the next year.

But Canadians won't see a sudden proliferation of new banks on the street. In fact, the arrival of the foreign banks will hardly be noticed in everyday life—they will be operating almost exclusively as "corporate" bankers dealing strictly with business lending. Still, opening the door to foreign banks has been heralded as the start of a new era of competition and efficiency in Canadian banking. Many of the foreign banks have access to vast pools of capital available for commercial lending—sometimes at cheaper rates than the Canadian money markets can provide. This is good news for businesses espe-

cialized around for competitive borrowing rates. Some are also willing to experiment with innovative and flexible lending policies—another step toward increased competition.

Canadian consumer and corporate needs have been well served over the years by the nation's now 51 chartered banks, particularly by the familiar Big Five, which are world-class banks in their own right. But most agree that the arrival of foreign banks can only add further depth to the over-all Canadian banking system, as well as helping to diversify Toronto, Canada's financial centre, to the rank of an international banking capital. "We believe the foreign banks are poised to have a beneficial impact at last," boasts Mwanuzi Chennat, special adviser to the office of the inspector general of banks in Ottawa. "It will be good for Canada too."

Canada's Big Five chartered banks—the Royal Bank of Canada, Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, Bank of Montreal, Bank of Nova Scotia, Toronto Dominion Bank—rank 24th, 28th, 17th, 20th and 45th, respectively, among banks of the world.

opened more than 48 billion in Canadian assets, and were operating extremely profitably. They were in no rush to become banks.

In making their banks, Ottawa has effectively stopped their wings. Responding to fears that the foreign banks might just reach right in and take over Canadian financial markets, the new federal legislation places a ceiling on the amount of business they are permitted to carry out. While it is common throughout the world for foreign banks to operate only a small portion of local financial markets—such as usually taken care of by the law of supply and demand—local banks maintain their grip by holding onto customer loyalty and by fighting to remain competitive. In Canada's case, Ottawa chose to place formal restrictions on the foreign banks. They will be limited to eight per cent of the total domestic banking market—restricting them this year to about \$14 billion in loans. Each bank, in turn, has a ceiling placed on its individual domestic lending capacity. This amount varies from bank to bank. Most of the

Make that one overdraft to go

Jim Morrow makes no apology for his boosterism. "We're here strictly to serve John Q. Public with the kind of service and attitude not evident in Canadian banks," he declares proudly. "The bank Morrow is describing, Green, in fact, have a number of attractive features. It is open from 9:30 in the morning until 6:30 at night. Inside, customers transact their business from a desk—not at a counter. If it's more convenient, they can do their banking at those drive-in windows."

Morrow is the manager of the newest bank branch in Windsor, Ont.—the first retail banking outlet opened in Canada by a foreign bank. As he puts it, Americans are amazed to find a bank on every corner in Canada. At a time when the National Bank of Detroit (NBD) got its chance following the rescue of Canada's Bank Act, it opened one across the river in Windsor. With its new Canadian head office in Toronto, National Bank of Detroit, Canada, like other foreign banks, is permitted to open one branch unless granted special permission by Ottawa.

Morrow, himself a Canadian and a



Morrow at Windsor bank drive-through

former manager with the Bank of Nova Scotia, says NBD has a special training program for new Canadian employees—a common practice among U.S. banks now operating in Canada. "Our tellers were sent to Detroit for two weeks' training before they were even allowed to meet the public," he boasts. After two weeks in Detroit, presumably, they're ready to handle anything.

—JOY GERTSL



Leonard on the offensive: A slick reward for him, richer for his opponent

SPORTS

The genuine item

The Leonard-Hearns fight lives up to its billing

By Hal Quinn

Two gladiators. They met after months of impossible publicity as an impossible town to fight for the undisputed World Welterweight Boxing Championship. Then, when the battle was over, they emerged from their dressing rooms into the chaos that was the Sports Pavilion at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas last Wednesday night. The victor, Sugar Ray Leonard, wore sunglasses to hide a left eye brutally swollen shut and a right eye threatening to do the same. The loser, Thomas Hearns, was exuberantly triumphant but he too walked away with the support of his entourage, legs not yet responding to mental instructions. An awesome smash in the 14th round had ended the fight and thrown his world temporarily out of focus. Leonard could concede, "I said a lot of things about Thomas before the fight that I wouldn't say for now." And Hearns could reply, "I can't say one had thing about Ray."

It was that kind of fight. Anticlimax of the sweetest arena had dried away the main for more than a year. A showdown between the two welterweight (147 lb.) champions—the World Boxing Council's Leonard and the World Light Heavyweight champion

Hearns—was also a clash between the boxing racers, Leonard and Hearns, the hungry "Big Man" out of the tough Krunk gym in the baddest part of Detroit. It attracted the largest take in the history of blood sport—\$36 million—and transfused one-sixteenth of the world via closed-circuit and cable TV. But unlike all of the recent "Fights of the Century," this one lived up to its billing.

As the theme from Rocky blared into the pale evening sky and celebrities from Jack Nicholson to John McEnroe cheered at ringside, Hearns snared the ring, his counterpuncher, all-muscle, rugged, the world's winner take all, on the back of his robe. Then came Leonard, his white satin garment embellished with brilliant red flames dancing across the hem and up the sleeves, the word DELIVERANCE on his back. It was testimony to his many crimes and a rebuke to the millions who had wagged that Hearns's legendary right hand would knock him out.

At the end of the first round—clashed by Hearns—the fighters exchanged blows after the bell. Again, in the second, Leonard dazed and moved as Hearns landed telling jabs that would later close Leonard's eye. A

third landed a good combination and a solid right. Leonard came back with a powerful right followed by a left hook. Leonard raised his hands as he returned to his corner signaling he knew he could survive Hearns's dreaded right, and reply with his left. "It hurt me and I was given feet away," said Jackie Deane. And describing a stomach-taring left hook that Leonard landed after luring the fourth and fifth rounds. "It caught Hearns in the ribs and after that he dropped his right hand." That fateful lowering gave Leonard an opening for punishing left hooks to the head in the sixth that had Hearns flinching on the ropes. The barrage continued in the next two rounds, the "Big Man" being hit, his right almost.

Then it stopped. "I took a breather whenever I had the chance," the battered champion said later. His breather lasted to the end of the 10th. Hearns recovered. "I was surprised," said referee Danny Patel. "His eyes back and his jab was working again." The thundering cheers that had greeted Leonard's fury from the sixth to the eighth now turned to whistles and boos: the late blows and smacks at the bell had gradually turned to glove-taps of respect. At that point, only the three judges knew how desperate Leonard's situation had become. "He had to do something very quickly," said Patel. "A couple more jabs and that left eye would have been closed." In fact, by the end of the 12th, the judges all had Hearns ahead—so much so that Leonard could not see a defeat.

As the 12th opened, Leonard rushed to ring centre and landed a crushing overhand right. Hearns held on as Leonard drove him into the ropes and through them. Hearns was pushed back into the ring only to be knocked back through the ropes again. Patel reached a count of nine when the bell sounded. Moving in as the 14th began, Leonard feinted a harmless left to the belly and threw a resounding overhand right. He raised his arms in victory but Hearns staged as his feet Leonard then moved in and raised "30, maybe 35 shots" according to Patel, who finally stopped it. "This surpassed all my other accomplishments," and the man who has made more than \$30 million for his title fights. "I brought this one up from my guts." There are no longer any doubts.

And the road, a Leonard fan shouted, "He's the coldest one, the best one." As the exhausted and Leonard was swept away by a wave of celebration toward a cheque for \$6 million, up to the \$500 blunder snatched the man who gave the new "winner" his name, Sugar Ray Robinson, quietly left the stadium. In this and all "sports" the longevity of greatness is finite. □

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TRAVEL



Lachy and Rick on the Fraser River; traveling companions become friends

Blazing a trail through the adventurer's network

By Glenda Lennett

When Bruce Harrington, 38, set out to pursue his lifelong dream of living in an exotic place, he chose Timbaktu on the southern edge of the Sahara. But because he knew no travel back could describe the idiosyncrasies of the local culture, he turned to the free classified section of a Vancouver newsletter called *Great Expeditions*. A free-lance ad writer for leads on possible travel routes and places of interest netted him a stack of letters from Canadian, American and English itinerants. One enthusiast even sent him about 100 pages of material on the area.

Harrington's single request drew him into a travel network of more than 2,000 members whose combined wanderings range from fishing down the Amazon on local river transport to crossing the great Rajasthan desert on foot by camel. In the search for up-to-date and reliable information, many avid Canadian travellers are choosing their afk travel agencies, brochures and glossy magazines, in favor of ad hoc groups (including the international Globetrotters Club and Travel Friends Unlimited in Vancouver), and honey publications like *Adventure* (freelance reportage on offbeat destinations

Great Expeditions seems to be Canada's most successful example of how the informal word-of-mouth reports are being forged into an active travel network. "When I started three years ago, there was nothing like us in Canada," says *Great Expeditions* editor Lawrence Bauer. "You could walk into a travel agency and buy a ticket, but they couldn't give you specific information, especially about remote areas." Taking up the challenge, the former geologist began publishing a 16-page, typewritten newsletter with an initial circulation of 300. Bauer often worked part-time as a dock worker and sailing instructor to support himself and the venture, but his struggles weren't in vain. Today, for a \$15 annual subscription fee, members receive six 30-page editions, full of adventure stories, world health reports and travel book reviews.

The articles, however, do not proffer the typical travel suggestions: "Riding on top of the coaches is a great way to see India and avoid being crushed by the passenger mounds," writes Vancouver's Derek Anderson about his trip to Raxaul on the Nepalese border. Alison Baker, also from Vancouver, in her "Impressions of East Africa" warns "Getting into Tanzania is a never-finish getting out. If you can find a taxi with enough gas to get you to the airport, a 15-hour

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Buses giving travelers what they want

drive away, for not more than \$40 U.S., you are lucky. There are no buses."

Informal get-togethers are a staple of these groups. The 200 Canadian members of the London-based Globetrotters Club (who also receive newsletters as well as a global membership directory) meet to discuss travel and present slides. However, when it comes to socializing, Vancouver's Travel Friends Unlimited is the standout. A non-profit organization, Travel Friends unites people who are searching for travel companions. Heather Woolstone started the group last year after trying in vain to find a traveling buddy for her widowed mother. "My mother finally went on a tour to Israel. She went back three times on the same tour just because she couldn't find any suitable alternative," she says. "That's when I saw a need for a group like ours."

Woolstone's group has burgeoned from a dozen people meeting in her living room to more than 300 members. Often, the traveling companions end up friends—like Pauline Larivière, 25, and Dorothy Hale, 61, who recently got together and planned a white water rafting trip. "All my friends thought that I was crazy," Hale says, "but I've always wanted to go on a raft down the Fraser River."

While the travel network is still a fledgling phenomenon in Canada, it is clearly growing. Travel Friends Unlimited has plans to link up with similar groups, and Great Expeditions' Busser foresees a membership increase of 2,000 in the next few years. With expansion, of course, comes the temptation to run plenty other pictures and travel industry advertisements—hence Busser dismisses as "not what our reader wants." Busser Harrington agrees. "Buses and the like are good for background but they are not the same as getting the information from someone who has just been there." ♦

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Tapping the memories of life in the womb

A psychiatrist claims fetuses possess feelings

By Margaret Cannon

At one time, pregnant parenthood simply involved hanting booties and taking out a cologne fond. Most recently, when medical reports proved smoking and drinking during pregnancy were hazardous to the unborn, many women began snubbing out cigarettes and forgoing glasses of wine. Now comes Toronto psychiatrist Thomas Verry, who says that expectant mothers should also watch their emotions. "Everytime a woman thinks, feels, says and hopes influences her unborn child," claims Verry. If mothers-to-be find that kind of information more smattering than snuffing, Verry is firm: "Pregnant women can do a lot of damage to their children. They can also do a lot of good." If Verry is right—that the fetus has feelings—he challenges conventional psychiatry, which traces psychological development only as far back as birth.

Verry explores these postulations in a disconcerting new book, *The Secret Life of the Unborn Child*, just released in Canada and the U.S. and slated for publication in eight other countries. According to Verry, fetuses from the age of six months are equipped with a kind of "emotional radar," a mystical bond that enables them to sense and respond



Verry relays colleagues' skepticism

to their mothers' emotions. If the woman is calm and accepting, her baby will be happy. But if she is ambivalent about motherhood, trapped in a dead-end marriage or harried by a jensei-cousin job, her child may suffer lifelong physical or emotional illness. Verry bases these conclusions on hundreds of birth and womb memories collected over a 13-year period from adults—most of whom were his patients.

Many of Verry's psychiatric colleagues, however, believe his theory smacks of the now unfashionable and controversial primal therapy, which encourages patients to relive their birth experiences in order to cure the roots of their emotional problems. Verry was once in the forefront of the primal movement. They also question his collection and interpretation of womb memories, debunking his notion that unpleasant fetal experiences lead to an unhappy life. "The whole area of prenatal and neonatal development is extraordinarily complex," says Dr. Quentin Rae Grant, chief of psychiatry

at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. "Verry's speculations go way beyond the known facts." Lastly, critics charge that his conclusions are suspect and put an undue burden on the mother. At first glance, Verry's ideas seem to owe less to science than to folklore, in which women frightened by elephants produce monsters, while those who eat too many strawberries cause birthmarks on their babies. But he does draw on legitimate medical knowledge. He

elies a vast array of studies that link traumatic pregnancies and births to problems ranging from sadomasochism to criminal behavior. Even his detractors concede that complications can cause minor brain damage, a factor in delinquent behavior. One recent case involving a 17-year-old American mother, a victim of a violent, abusive marriage, shows that a woman's physical and emotional condition can badly affect her unborn. At birth the infant appeared normal. But when the baby died a day later, an autopsy revealed massive internal bleeding from three septa ulcers. Her physician believes that her extraordinarily horrible life during pregnancy caused her to pass ulcer-producing hormones on to her child.

While Verry produces no such extreme case in his book, he does borrow freely from the research of Denis Skott on the physical and psychological state of expectant mothers. An authority on emotional problems in children and a professor emeritus of psychology at Ontario's University of Guelph, Skott

showed that severe prolonged marital stress during pregnancy ("a relationship in which the woman feels completely trapped") endangers children and can even lead to future delinquency and chronic health problems. But at no time does Skott imply emotions in the unborn, and he now charges Verry "wound and misrepresenting" his findings. "Stress of the sort I'm describing doesn't stop at birth," says Skott. He also dismisses Verry's notion of mystical prenatal emotional bonds between mother and child as "plausible pseudoscience—plausible enough to be misleading."

If the notion that adults are capable of recalling their mystical life in the womb seems farfetched, the memories Verry collected are compelling. He cites the illustration, Oct., of his former co-conductor, Boris Binst's claim that he learned classical music pieces before birth. "I would be conducting a quartet score for the first time and the cello line would jump out at me," Binst says. "I'd know the flow of the piece before I turned the page." When the conductor checked the origin of his musical ability, he found the scores were those his mother, a professional cellist, had played during her pregnancy. Other memories recounted include mothers' fears in the delivery room, a caesarean birth and an attempted abortion in a hot bath.

Due perhaps to the conservatism in the field, fellow psychiatrists refuse to believe in the existence of womb memory. Even if they did, they would—and do—question the manner in which Verry assembled his evidence. "The worst possible form of investigation is for a psychiatrist to question his own patients," Rae-Grant declares. "We disfigure them and they tell us what we want to hear." While admitting that his research methods were subjective, Verry defends them as the only way to get the information and regards Rae-Grant's position as "arrogant and unfeeling toward patients." He also resents the inference that his patients create memories to suit him. "If things were that simple, we psychiatrists would be curing people left and right," says Verry. "We would just have to tell them what we want them to do to make them well."

Stripped of their radical trappings, however, Verry's conclusions are fairly mild: the unborn child needs a secure and loving mother, a warm family atmosphere and a complication-free birth into a welcoming world. While his colleagues may challenge his methods or, worse, ignore his theories, none will deny his concerns for mothers and children. Says Verry, "Our society has to change the way it thinks about the unborn child." ☐



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The best laid traps of men

Canadians are putting locks and alarms between themselves and continually mounting theft

By Ann Walmsley and
Paul Howard

Gary Stosman and his family were shaking at their summer cottage when thieves broke into their house in Winnipeg's fashionable St. James Park district. But a siren went off and the would-be burglars scattering minutes before the arrival of local police who had been alerted automatically. The intruders tried a week too late these homeowners had just installed an extensive computerized monitoring system which costs their premiums every 70 seconds. "The system is worth six cent (\$1.145 initially and \$80 every month), not only in prevention, but in terms of peace of mind," says Gary Stosman. "Times are hard, crime is spreading, and there's a limit to what the police can do. Our neighbors have identical systems and if an alarm goes off, you know it's not somebody assuming a coded party."

Persecution and pragmatism are now taking hold as thousands of Canadian renters and homeowners (the Stosmans have done the hatches against a forcing wave of property theft) The product of leaping crime statistics, bitter experience and unerring advertising by security retailers and manufacturers, security consciousness has generated \$380 million in revenue for a bullish protection industry. Some wary residents are investing up to \$10,000 on laser surveillance, while the more budget-minded are spending \$50 to \$500 on heavy-duty locks.

Most disturbing to city dwellers are the statistics, which indicate it's the growth of property crime that has most contributed to Canada's rising crime rate—1980 saw a 27-per-cent rate in break-ins alone. At the same time, "homeowners' preferences have shifted," says Sgt. Bob McDonald of the Metropolitan Toronto Police Crime Prevention Bureau, "electronic, radios, cassette decks and stereos. As the price of gold and jewelry went up, that started as spending in that area." And it seems that few neighborhoods have been spared. Crime charts indicate that east and Montreal and low-income areas of Toronto have been hit as hard as well-groomed districts.

The computerized monitoring system that spared the Stosmans considerable grief is among high technology's latest offerings in a market flooded with in-



A device for easy security, including the MULL-7 LOCK

ported and homegrown security devices. The FAM system (First Action Safety Team) was provided in March by the Manitoba Telephone Systems in conjunction with Compuscan Security, Inc., a private Winnipeg-based alarm company. Its intrusion and fire alerts rely on strategically located electronic sensing devices (including a pressure-sensitive fire zone and an infrared sensor) connected to existing telephone lines. Any disturbance sends an electronic signal to the telephone company's central computer, which retransmits the alarm to Compuscan's computer (which stores national information on each subscriber). Someone at Compuscan phones the homeowner, if there is no answer, the appropriate authorities are notified.

The recent of wrinkles in home surveillance systems has already spread to other provinces. A similar telephone-linked security system, Videx, is being field-tested in Calgary, and BC Telecom is testing its own version in 200 Vancouver homes. FAM itself will be available to all Winnipeg residents by 1985. For established security firms, there's tough competition ahead. Companies such as Chubb, ADT and Amprobe have for some time offered similar "digital dialer" systems which automatically dial a central station with a taped message but can be tampered with by savvy intruders. Prices for such elaborate hardware can reach \$2,500,

well above the cost of FAM. The companies claim people prepared to pay these prices are often those whose houses have been broken into before, who have valuables to protect or who simply love high tech.

While people are concerned about Canada's leaping crime rate, most are still reluctant to rely on anything more than the standard-issue insured latch locks and chain locks. "Initially unsure if any security situation," says Bill Tagher of BILP Locksmiths in Toronto. Burglars, usually 18- to 35-year-old youths, can easily slip a lock with a piece of plastic or a credit card. To foil such attempts, Tagher and other police departments espouse traditional key-operated dead bolts which thrust directly into the interior door frame.

But locks are also the item most heavily pushed by the industry. A current TV commercial for the Stubbuck 34881 C478, manufactured by Van Wad Enterprises in Windsor, Ont., shows a 255-lb. man administering 25 licks to a door fitted with the lock only after 60 blows does it give. High-pressure door-to-door sales and mailings pushing bodily protection have been launched in condominiums in Vancouver, Ont. and Toronto for as little more than a hundred-dollar security, the MULL-7 LOCK, a vault-like lock that throws rods into all four sides of the door frame.

Other conventional protection methods are no easier on the pocketbook, but



Wallace: all holes barred

appear to be selling Riverside Iron Works in Vancouver exports a range in homeowner demand for burglar bars on lower windows and for property fencing (at a steep \$75 a meter). "A lot of these are being bought by new Canadians," says Peter Wallace, sales manager for the company. "They're especially likely to have a rare gold collection or who keep a lot of money on the premises." But even these barricades are penetrable by a professional thief. "Someone wanted the price paid on collection on one of Wallace's clients so badly that he swindled through the wall of the house."

"I don't want people to get killed into a false sense of security," cautions Sgt. Ted Price of the Metropolitan Toronto Police Crime Prevention Department about the range of false security products. This problem has been particularly acute in Montreal, rocked last year by about 43,000 burglaries. Capt. Raymond Pomeroyville, commanding officer of the Montreal Police Crime Prevention Bureau, says that people don't choose the appropriate device for what they want to protect. However, officers about bulkiest but effective equipment for substantially subterranean devices instead of installing adequate bars and locks. For example, they may merely exchange some window glass for Plexiglas.

More to the point, the lack of enforced industry standards has led to a glut of fly-by-night companies offering shoddy installation services and unreliable wires. As a strikingly high rate of mechanically sound false alarms (Metro Toronto police say 97 per cent of the alarms they receive are false) prompted the formation in 1977 of the Canadian Alarm and Security Association (CASA), now representing 120 major security alarm companies across Canada. President Ken Thomas says CASA is pressing for government regulation and across-the-board standards testing in the hopes of either eliminating or eliminating utterly competition.

Police and the industry are also ready to meet the demand for security

information. In Toronto's RoboLock advert, police are teaching night school courses in security, and in Montreal, police run a battery of information programs. Canada's first major security device exhibition for the general public will take place in Toronto next month and Toronto's Tom Grubbs, who has published Canadian Security magazine for nine years as a trade publication, is now planning to convert the magazine to appeal to consumers by 1983. The year-released pilot fall issue stresses pricing statistics: "residential break-ins are soaring as high as

60 per cent over last year's figures." "It's something you hear about all the time, but when it happens to you, you feel angry," says Philip Mitchell, a pharmacist whose Toronto apartment was broken into, along with five others in the same building on the same night. "They stole cash, but worse, my wife's collection of jewelry and charms which weren't valuable but which cannot be replaced." The Mitchells have since requested to fill a lake, a small North York Ontario community where, says Mitchell, "People can still leave their doors open."

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The elusive butterfly of love

Man-bashing literature illuminates the nature of sexual selfishness

By Barbara Amiel

A recent article in a Toronto magazine chose as its subject the thorn *NOT MEN ARE LOATHED*. The article quoted Renée de Benneville, who writes in her book *The Second Sex* "We have found it possible to be passionate lovers at certain times in their lives but there is not one of them who could be called a great lover." This is probably true. Most men are not great lovers and most women are not great lovers. Few people of either sex are truly great at any human endeavor from bus driving to dentistry. The art of loving is no exception.

However, the article—along with the entire fashionable genre of man-bashing literature so dear to glossy magazines—provides us with no insight into the nature of men. Nor, I hasten to add, into the nature of women. It provides a marvelous insight, though, into the nature of selfishness elevated into an emotion—which is now one of the prime diseases of our society.

Though most special-interest groups (from tenants to handicapped have mastered the craft of righteous selfishness, it seems to me feminists who have brought it to a state of high art. By now articles entering the finer points of the claim are taken so much for granted that no one even raises an eyebrow. The ignorance of the cliché becomes just another example of injustice, along with unequal pay and the security of women in higher military ranks, that our poor exploited sex has to endure. As the writer of the magazine piece that caught my attention puts it "If a woman's sexual organs had been created entirely for the purpose of reproduction, she wouldn't have a clitoris . . . Not only does it seem that men prefer to ignore it, but the men who don't treat it like the great shift in our lives are just learning to drive. Better they try to imagine themselves strapping the wing of a butterfly. And saw

to the delicate topic of orgasm . . . etc.

Nothing puts the unstrapped selfish idiosyncrasy of this auto sharper relief than reversing the gender of the complaint. For instance, imagine the outcry that would greet—discreetly—a man writing "Women like to play at being temptresses and snags, but which of these sorry DeBellas understands the true nature of the seducer? Rare indeed is the woman whose fingers are sensa-

of ecstasy, now without any change in technique shifts at best a shrug of indifference. If this were not so, Casanova's secret could be re-produced. The reason it cannot be is that sex is not a technique but a mystery, and what distinguishes Don Juan from other men was never be reduced to a training manual.

It is, of course, in the nature of quacks—in this case feminists—to identify every failure or disappointment as



the result of the wickedness or ineptitude of the appointed enemy. God forbid that it should ever be your own fault, or indeed so one's fault at all. If you are not satisfied by a succession of men, it is because they make you better for a new shift. Or because they are not sufficiently concerned with their one legitimate social task, which is to please you. They don't know enough about your anatomy, they have not put themselves sufficiently in your—ah well, I suppose short.

Sorry, women. Any woman with the wit or spiritual capacity for love can experience at the sight of the right man's face or the sound of his voice the cardiovascular dilations you require manuals to achieve. It is perfectly true that for some the right man may be gentle, considerate and knowledgeable in the ways of the flesh. But the right man may just as easily be brutal, boorish, shy or neurotic—which brings it all back to the great mystery that artists have always understood but that modern scientists never will.

Back in the late '60s the trend-setting book *The Sensuous Woman* broke the ethical barrier by advising frustrated women to place their partners, in a gesture of absolute liberation, against the edges of their vibrating washing machines. Twelve years later, feminist writers in search of the perfect male still seem to be stuck in that position.



(Amiel continues)

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by John Irving
Albany, Oregon 97501

The Under Tood is back. That, you might remember from *The World Is Full of Things*, was a children's magazine of the sea's underlife. It was also the controlling motif of the world view of 78 Garp, the Under Tood eventually sweeps as all into its crew and along the way maims up by its cruel currents in *The Hotel New Hampshire*. John Irving's long-awaited answer to the spectacular success of *Garp*, the Under Tood has changed form but not function. Thus time is *Serious*, an aid and sufficient Labrador retriever who roams through the book in various guises as a momentary mark for the reader. In fact, John Irving's book, *Serious*, the latest in great master fiction, is a

The *Good News* Newspaper is as consistently readable as fiction, and which that the stereotypes had ended there. Again, the author's major concern is the family and its sanctity as an emotional and social unit. The author has placed as many obstacles as he can create in front of the Perry, who needs

theless manage to stay together. Led by their father, Win, a would-be Gatsby who dreams of owning a great hotel, the Barry children are herded from New Hampshire to Vienna and back to New York during the '30s and '50s, exposed

to an odd and exotic collection of characters and events. There's a cute bear called Earl, a bear trainer named Fred, a circus run by madgees and a hotel in Vienna overrun by whomps and terrorists. Not much has been left out.

The narrative, when John Irving has chosen to call John, is the chronicle of the family's hard times who pushes bar-bells and hammy philosophy—always a woman but never a well-defined presence. Irving is more at ease with, and fired by, John's siblings: Franzy, a rape victim who grows into a mother hen, Lily, a dismissive workaholic who can

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- 5 The Gutter Dams, Woodhouse (2)
- 6 Cade, King (2)
- 7 The Covenant, Michener (2)
- 8 Goodbye, Janette, Robbins (1)
- 9 Lillian's Luck, Higgins (2)
- 10 The Chimes of God, West (20)

Methods

- 1 The Lord Gail Made Them All.
Mormon (A)
- 2 The Beverly Hills Diet. *Mardi* (B)
- 3 Flashes Across the Border.
Revelation (C)
- 4 Heir of a Book of the Royal
Wedding. *Veronica* (D)
- 5 The Eagle's Gift. *Guatemala* (A)
- 6 Common. *Source* (B)
- 7 The Wife Report on Male
Sexuality. *May* (7)
- 8 Terry Fan, His Story. *Story* (C)
- 9 Hugh MacLennan: A Writer's Life.
Conversations (B)
- 10 The Confessions of a Confessor. *Goodman*

2.1. Positioning and context

Gummed up grotesques

A new photographic process produces fresh possibilities for detail and color

By David Livingstone

The 15 color images by Canadian photographer Stephen Livick on display at Toronto's Jane Clarke Gallery until Oct. 1 and at the Melton Gallery in London, Ont., for a month starting Nov. 18, are not like anything else you've ever seen before. They are technically unprecedented in photographic history, the result of a pretty, exciting method of print-making in which the latest in laser technology has been welded to thorough technical process, a process popular in the 19th century. But for Livick, an intense and disciplined artist who likes to be in control of things, it's nothing new to fuse new technical qualities and the even more challenging technical rough, represented by this exhibition is his choice of sub-



Midway madness: the encounters are more considerable than confrontational

ject. For the first time, he has surrendered himself to the chaotic business of taking pictures of people.

Ironically, the gum bichromate process is associated with early pictorialists who thought it noble for photography to imitate paintings, not life. According to the gum process, a solution of bichromated gum arabic and water color pigment is applied to paper as a thin wash. Then restricted, the paper is exposed to light under a negative de-

vides the opportunity to work with color, the process provided early practitioners with a means of making very unrefined, detailed and manipulating mood. However, taking advantage of laser technology, which can yield large, refined negatives with full color separation, Livick is able to render detail completely faithful to external reality as well as to create shades of color that are just as he wants them to be.

While much could be said about the

impression created by the finished work is not surprising and belied by his calm and spontaneous. The pictures are big (38 cm X 49 cm) and reflect Livick's characteristic habit of shooting from mid-range, but the moments recorded are more considerable than confrontational. Apparently still shy of naming his camera at human beings (most of his subjects are wearing face paint, shoes, sunglasses, etc.), Livick leaves their mystery intact. Going about one form of giraffe lettuce or when these people would have been any fadder for a distance against the easiness of North American living. But Livick neither invades their privacy nor decorates their taste. Just as assured this served to soften the political commentary inherent in Livick's 1976 series of American landscapes, the bright but gentle colors made possible by the gum process look unassuming in check. A tourist, with Bermuda shorts and a camera, may look foolish standing in front of a big tropical plant, with flowers coming out of his head and a green leaf dangling between his legs. Nevertheless, his bare paunch would have seemed repulsive if the pigments, subtly absorbed into the finest French paper, were not so kind.

Of outside influence, Livick has said that one of the few photographers whose work over "gubbed" him was



Androgynous figure: twice the bright but gentle colors hold emotion in check



Diwan Arban. Like her, his blatant distortions between the ordinary and the grotesque. A robust clown has the eyes of a member. A giant, androgynous figure is made up to appear shoddily but looks tender, not frightening. In one picture, a mother poses playfully with her child, so much so the child is more frightened than this midway madness, looking at the infinitely blissful smile and trying to pinch the same out of her uncooperative, unhappy and more knowing progeny.

The discomfort of children figures in five other pictures, emerging obtrusively as a theme. Twice, in matching stars-and-stripes T-shirts, look like someone has spoiled their fun. A bare-chested little blonde appears vaguely out of sorts, clothing in an awkward constraint of a weak grip, much of which is mirrored all over her face. By contrast, the two most memorable prints in the show and those that provoke most passionately new heights of achievement are relaxed and innocent. The first features a grey-haired man, in his pink shirt and a nicely worn chair, regaling with the dignity of kings. In the other, a courtly woman takes aim with her holiday camera, brandishing it along with two arms full of brocade, a fit equivalent, the laugh, reddest. Evidently you have your seat and a smile that could legally be most beautiful and serious-minded into saying "Cheese" ♦

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FILMS

For the record

BOSSINI-RESPIGHI LA BOUTIQUE
FANTASQUE
Conducted by Andre Davis
(CBS)

Beware recordings of complete bolshes. They often land you—as this one does—with tedious, translucent material between the more familiar highlights. The Toronto Symphony's previous venture in this direction—the complete Mahler—was a pleasing exception, but then the orchestra also played it with considerable verve. Here they are far too lackadaisical, as if listening of a sequence of casual background music.



Rossini's "Sera of Old Age" obviously strike them as too vocal to be of much dramatic interest, as there's no sense of anything at stake. Even the choral is only halfhearted; the strings aren't lush enough and the expanding speaking voice refuses to come alive. It's all rather like flat champagne.

WENDELSSOHN VIOLIN
CONCERTO
RICHIE VIOLIN CONCERTO NO. 1
Shirano Mizu, violin, conducted by Claudio Abbado
(DG/PolyGram)

There is something wrong in the ability of Russian Jewry to produce a string of such good violins every new generation. The latest demonstration of this comes with the debut recording of the amazingly mature 36-year-old Shirano Mizu. His Mendelssohn is beautifully played, but he has relatively few things to say. The concerto is, after all, overplayed, a mothered mare. On the other hand, his Brahms is exceptional—a seamless riposte of throbbing sound, by turns fragile, forthright, tender, austere, vulnerable. Brahms has rarely sounded more fittingly Jewish as his concerto rises expensive. The accompanying by the Chicago Symphony are adequate. —JOHN PEARCE

FILMS

A grim heart behind the glitter

Festival of Festivals, once the festival that could, now carries grove-up clout

The opening-night crowd at Toronto's ninth annual Festival of Festivals had reason to feel relieved, even a little smug. Ralph Thomas' *Picket in Heaven*, the story of a Toronto teacher who joins a California cult, was not an embarrassment. During a year when the Canadian movie industry has turned tactics, when many were prepared to cringe through yet another independent production of Hollywood North, this was a definite shot in the arm. In fact, for the first time since the Toronto festival began scruffily in 1976, Canadian film was present at the 11 p.m. slot, this was one of three Canadian films featured, followed by Don Shalby's *Reveries* in French and Richard Pearce's *Threshold*, which waggled up the 10 p.m. slot on Saturday night. And the Canadian profile was not just high in the main gala program. *Picket in Heaven*, an intimate documentary on Kingston, Ontario, was screened so favorably that it was rushed into commercial release before week's end. In the animation series, which drew packed houses, Canadian animation such as Duke Wolden and Michael Mills more than held their own with international masters.

The trend was visible on the social circuit as well: celebrities from the south only complemented the social circuit the festival centered on its own. But all the glitter, glamour or otherwise, seemed insignificant in the face of the glitzers on open screens. Intentionally gritty evenings were overshadowed by the inebriated gaudiness of Jack Packer's *Cheer's Way*, by Andrew Riggs' sobering *Misfit* and by Adolf Berli's *Wings*, a disturbing movie about the Paris terrorist strike. The 10 p.m. Critics Choice, a popular survey that featured sometimes films such as Germany's *Dependable City*, was flouted on desperate low-life characters, swamped by crushing crises. Similarly, *Love is Mary*, a series of seven made for less than \$1 million, the *Culture Under Pressure* film and the retrospective of jailed Turkish director Yilmaz Gunay were all characterized by the farrowing visions of international film-makers. Even the mature comedy survey, *Laughing Matters*, could not compensate for this overwhelming sense of doom.

Once the little festival that could, Festival of Festivals, with close to 60 films, drew 150,000 moviegoers (up

from 120,000 last year). Even the Ontario Council Based agreed to a plan for "examination by documentation," pausing all but eight movies largely on the basis of press clippings. Of the films the council screened, only a National Film Board documentary, *Not a Love Story*, a Film About Photography ran into trouble after a single, mid-cut screening; the reason behind a second one. And nothing signaled the festival's grove-up clout more clearly than director Wayne Clark's openly crying Toronto's grand Eglu Theatre as a permanent home and his plan to mount a 230-film retrospective of Canadian film next year. Originally planned as a film festival for students, the Festival of Festivals has reached the stage where the glitter gets overlaid in the push for current documentaries, scrappy independent features and, above all, an empty seat.

—BART THOMAS



Roberts being disconcerted by Kim Cattrall never answers the question

Blissed-out and befuddled

TICKET TO HEAVEN
Directed by Ralph Thomas

The most intriguing question that surrounds the phenomenon of cult acts such as the *Weekers* is why so many apparently once-upon-a-time people become hooked. *Ticket to Heaven* attempts to answer that question, approaching its difficult subject with a steady, almost documentary-like candor, and yet the answer remains elusive. As with the books the young Dylan Thomas was given at Christmas, you learn everything but why.

Ticket to Heaven has to survive on words other than plot. David Koppel (Nick Mancuso) breaks up with his girlfriend, Lena (Jennifer Lien), and visits San Francisco. There, where he accident that design, he ends up spending a few days at the country retreat of the Heavenly Children, exercising, chanting, starving, confusing and eventually joining in the worship of a vague but apparently self-declared transcendentalism. A point of friends and family led by Larry (Paul Robison) eventually rescues David, and he is disoriented by the mysterious and unknown Lee Strunk (R.H. Thomson).

Luckily, strong performances bolster the predictable narrative. Mancuso, although stilted in his pre-arranging persona, gives a formidable performance once he joins the cult. His dark, solemn stares are perfectly employed by director Ralph Thomas. Greg Foster, as

the ex-Sister Ingrid, keeps the cult a frightening and menacing reality, but adds to his message to both pathetic and threatening.

Unfortunately, Thomson and Robison, both gifted actors, are held in check by the lack of insight that pervades the film. Robison never gets beyond the fatal type to which he was cast, nor Thomson past the role of a heavy lie. He is presented as a kind of lone ranger—solitary, strong and prone to disappearing before anyone can thank him. The result is flat, plodding editing and some sound directing. With Thomson's rage in the disintegrating sequence, the shocks, the silence, the *disappearance* and the intense sorrow over come together as the powerful conclusion to David's nightmare. A sense that should

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have been the most powerful in the film business one of the most tedious.
To its credit, *Truist* to *Morgan* proceeds honestly and the ball is portrayed with a minimum of hoop-dee-doo. The film's failure is simply that it never passes beyond what is easily observed. The effects of an invisible force are clearly demonstrated, but the force itself remains a mystery.

—DAVID MACFARLANE

The heart is a clumsy hunter

HEARTACHES

Directed by Don Siebeli

Heartaches has been a long time coming. Turned down, according to director Don Siebeli, by almost every producer in the country, the film exists by virtue of his determination and the good faith of the producers he eventually found. (Covered neither as a sex shifter nor as a commercial blockbuster, it apparently inspired to be simply a good movie. Sadly, few of its audiences were met; there is something very wrong at the heart of *Heartaches*.)

Although the story of two women, thrown together by chance and newly arrived in Toronto, returns to the serene, unemotional turf that Siebeli has made his own since *Cori*, *Devote the Road*, *Heartaches* seems more a compilation of what has always been wrong with Don Siebeli films than a fulfillment of what has always been right. As Rita, the hard drinking, hard loving, disarmed in the rears, Margot Kidder is the film's most glaring weakness. Rita's tough, bloodied-out mind and generous but vulnerable self require a more subtle touch than Kidder's. Pure gun-dancing caricature, her performance has the dramatic resonance of a guest appearance on *Saturday Night Live* and stands in uncomfortable contrast to Anne Rabe's portrayal of Susan, the runaway wife and mother-to-be. In spite of a voice that is almost too cute for words, Patti manages to survive Kidder's privileged shot, and extracts both wit and charm from a script that has little of either. Her wonderfully expressive face is the only place in *Heartaches* where anything believable happens.

But Patti's performance, as well as competent work by Robert Curran and Winston Robert and the lush cinematography of Vic Rabe, are not enough to keep afloat a film that wastes its screenplay like an under-Stripped of its sexuality encounter, shallow characterizations, hokey humor and bland conclusion. *Heartaches*—as a premise



Patti, Kidder film that wears its screenplay like an anchor around its neck.

at least—might have led to a beautifully down-to-earth film. Unfortunately, none of *Heartaches*' potential is allowed to break the confines of its amateurish script, which forces characters to leap with disturbing frequency from farce to drama and back again. Cardboard figures are amusing enough when chasing a Greyhound bus down a highway or getting caught fugitive to defile on a couch, but when confronted with skepticism, separation or even plain old dishonesty, they require more substance than Siebeli's good intentions provide. Having your heart in the right place sometimes isn't enough. —D.M.

The sound of many knees jerking

NOT A LOVE STORY A FILM ABOUT PORNOGRAPHY

Directed by Bonnie Sher Kline

The most controversial screening at the festival was of the NFB documentary *Not a Love Story: A Film About Pornography*. The controversial reduced the female film crew to tears and provoked the Toronto audience to outrage. As both sides collapsed in a cascade of emotions, the score at the end of the week was art and media 8, pornography 1. For all its flaws, the film was remarkably successful at demonstrating the power of pornography to ego-thrill.

The movie follows the director, Bonnie Sher Kline, and a Montreal stripper, Linda Lee Truist, as an exploration of the porn industry. They interview publishers, photographers and women who perform in porn shows and on sex acts. There is footage of everything from friendly sex to painful bondage. The two women then compare notes (rather too affected) on how the new knowledge has affected them.



Truist, Sher Kline's last week's score was art and media, 8; porn, 1.

There is a stunning amount of wince-making in pornographic imagery, and sooner or later this message threatens to drown, and defeat anyone who confronts it. Not *A Love Story* bogged down in the smothering sense of grief and helplessness. When feminist writer Robin Morgan is brought to tears in mid-interview, this becomes the focus, reducing her to a sensitive water-dolour, moaning the world. The film never breaks through to any useful anger or clear analysis of why pornography may be indigenous to this culture, despite our best efforts to ignore the possibility. After arriving at the confusing emotions—grief, sadness, confusion and rage—that pornography provokes, the film-makers resolve none of them, content to know what it feels like to be a victim.

But the movies were more interesting than the film itself. "Bourgeois feminist fascists," said Jay Sest of *The Globe and Mail*, mistaking an anti-porn argument for a pro-ownership lobby. "A one-sided tract of outrage that only feminists and moral majority believers will take to their bosoms," reported Sid Adelman of the *Toronto Star*. The local media described the film-makers as "whore" and the feminists as "pretentious." What they couldn't hear was the sound of their own defensive theories denying the obvious—that this was no trivial issue, but that still. Pornography reflects what we think about sex, power and the relationship of men and women with a literalism that can blind us to its meaning. No one was willing to admit that the whole subject generates so much confusion—one man's porn, after all, is another man's erotica—and that's easier to dismiss than look hard at what pornography says.

Some films are valuable simply because they encourage debate. Despite the efforts to bottle that debate, it has obviously only begun.

—MARIA JACKSON

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Opting for the burning deck

Joe Clark decides to relive Dieb's struggles, and the bloodletting approaches

By Ailan Fetheringham

The shame about Joe Clark, the hapless of history, is that in his winning days he is acting as unlike the Joe Clark we have anticipated. We have been doing just for a year and a half now on the soothing assurance that, for all his failures, he was a team player, one who has spent his whole life working for the Conservative party (that's the problem) and in the end would do what was best for the party.

Not for Joe, we reasoned, a suicidal replay of the Dieb-Camp experience bloodletting (that poisoned the soup and divided ranks in the party far more than a decade). Party man Joe, was the theory, would do what was best for the party and voluntarily lay his hypocritical body on the sacrificial shield, announcing in a dignified way the date of a leadership convention and then let his rivals emerge from the bushes where they are lurking. The party would thank him for his selflessness, regarding him premature statesmanlike stature, and those of us who pecked on him could be reassured of the task and consigned to other duties.

Alas, Not to mention about Jolting Joe has been persuaded by unknown mental processes to relive Dieb, his teen-age hero. Joe will not get quietly into the Tory night. He will, as it turns out, stand bravely on the burning deck, just a glancing slightly beyond, as in the advice of the new television consultant he has hired on a contract, and stick with the outrageous ship as it rumbles and mutters beneath him—and the Liberals grime is gone, given what they must answer. *Dieb*. The news that Clark has not only vowed to stay on as leader but has also denoted his chief rivals in a shadow cabinet shuffle in exactly the tonic needed by the feckless Grays, who are stumbling all over the map these days.

Joe will not read the eulogies on the Alan Fetheringham is a columnist for Southern Home.

flee, even though he has to stay in fear every time he goes out the door. His office has been decimated, the worry of tiny little feet abandoning a smiling vessel becoming a dreamboat. The latest to stiff the wind and leap for a lifeline is Richard Clippington, Clark's senior policy adviser, who has announced his exit of Joe. If he will be back safe in academia at Carleton University. All those things who brought you the last luggage and the Marx Brothers moment of the world tour



and who couldn't count, that fatal night in the Commons, have finally joined the Clark office—but replacement can't be found, though most every closet and executive workroom in Torpdon has been searched. Clark, the man who has vowed to stay in because he can waste the party, still hasn't found a body to replace chief of staff Bill Byrle. He has the thickest personal staff since Napoleon were out his last march on the way back from Moscow.

A prominent Toronto Tory forces shut by travelling across the country and calling the press conference to demand a leadership convention, he could force Clark to retreat and let the party decide. There is all the subterfuge of Peter Rinder, the ambitious president of the party, who maintains that the national executive has not discussed so recently the leadership problem. What he does not say is that the party, brain, to maintain the fiction, recently ad-

joined a meeting in full flight, debated the Clark issue, then for some reason reversed the meeting so as to be able to announce that they had not done what they had just done.

There is the estimation, probably correct, that Clark has only seven Mrs in his caucus that he can count on as loyalists. Since he had only two who supported him when he went into the leadership in 1976, the acquisition of just five true-and-blue in five years does not exactly indicate a man reducing leadership. Clark, while trying to appear progressive, is stuck with a sudden and resolute reason that represents little of what is modern Canada—few commanding figures left you include David Crombie. From the major cities, only two women (and Clark in his shuffles somehow managed to downgrade one of them, Flora MacDonald, by taking away her Regional Affairs responsibilities and giving her the status-of-women chief. Why not give it to a man?)

The caucus, because it is more conservative than progressive, consistently emasculates Clark, forcing him to

waste Commons time with a debate on the issue, even though he, like any intelligent animal, is against it, badly apting for summer holidays when Clark was starting to capture public attention with his stand on the post office strike. The poll week indicates Clark would win if an election were held today or next week since an election isn't going to be held today and not for several years, by which time the Liberals will have either John Turner, just in from Elba, or the grey-bearded Trudeau, playing Methuselah in yet another remembrance. Any other leader than Clark, argue the Tories, would have had an easy majority in 1979 and wouldn't be in this fix, and eventually would have self-destructed in nine months. The slim lead in the polls, considering the massive distance in the country at the moment for the Liberals and for Trudeau, is simply proof that he can't take advantage of the situation. Sorry, Joe. Here comes the blood.

Autumn Leaves.



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